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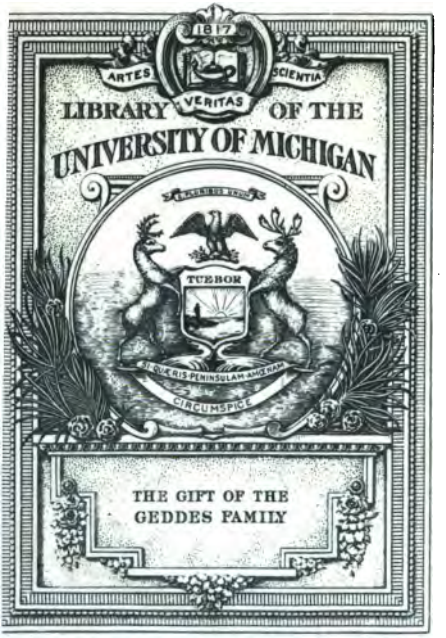

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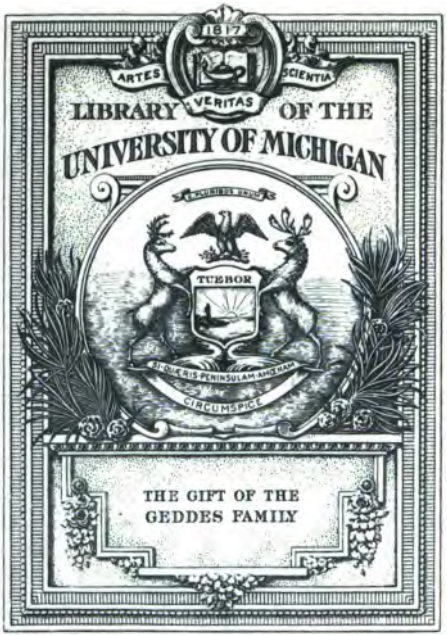

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THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER.

A

COMEDY,

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I COMMIT this Comedy to the press with all possible gratitude to the public for the reception it has met: I cannot flatter myself that the same applause will follow it to the closet; for as it owed much to an excellent representation, I have neither on this nor any preceding occasion, considered myself otherwise than as a sharer only with the managers and performers, who have distinguished themselves in the exhibition of my trifling productions. But it is not on the score of spectacle only that I am obliged to Mr. Garrick; I am, both in the instance of this comedy, and in that of the West Indian, materially indebted to his judgment, and owe the good effect of many incidents in both to his suggestion and advice: the correction of a real critic is as different from that of a pretender, as the operation of a surgeon from the stab of an assassin.

The Comedy now submitted to the reader, is designed as an attempt upon his heart, and as such, proceeds with little deviation from mine; if it should be thought, therefore, that I meant well, the charge of having executed indifferently I shall patiently submit to. I have on this occasion (as on the two preceding ones) wholly rested my performance upon such poor abilities as I am master of. I am not conscious of having drawn any particular assistance, either in respect of character or design, from the productions of others; although I am far from presuming to say or think, that I have ever exhibited any

character purely original. The level manners of a polished country like this, do not supply much matter for the comic muse, which delights in variety and extravagance; wherever, therefore, I have made any attempt at novelty, I have found myself obliged either to dive into the lower class of men, or betake myself to the outskirts of the empire: the centre is too equal and refined for such purposes.

Whether the reception of this Comedy may be such, as shall encourage me to future efforts, is of small consequence to the public: but if it should chance to obtain some little credit with the candid part of mankind, and its author for once escape without those personal and unworthy aspersions, which writers, who hide their own names, fling on them who publish theirs, my success, it may be hoped, will draw forth others to the undertaking with far superior requisites; and that there are numbers under this description, whose sensibility keeps them silent, I am well persuaded, when I consider how general it is for men of the finest parts, to be subject to the finest feelings; and I would submit, whether this unhandsome practice of abuse is not calculated to create in the minds of men of genius, not only a disinclination to engage in dramatic compositions, but a languid and unanimated manner of executing them. It will drive men from a necessary confidence in their own powers, and it will be thought convenient to get out of the torrent's way, by mooring under the lee of some great name, either French or Italian, and sitting down contented with the humble, but less exposed task of translation. Should this take place, a cold elaborate stile will prevail in our drama, clearly opposite to the national character, and not at all at unison with the taste of our writers themselves. Correctness will become the chief object in view; by which, though much may be avoided, little will be obtained: nothing great can be accomplished on a plain; turn to Shakspere, and

you find the Alps not more irregular than his genius: had the critics of his days marked his inacuracies with that illiberal spirit which seems reserved for our time, the bold and daring sallies of the sublimest muse would probably have been suppressed, and neither the great actor who has brought his scenes to life, nor the elegant essayist * who has defended them, would have made such display of their own genius in the celebration and protection of his.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspere.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON,
In the Character of a Printer's Devil.

I AM a devil, so please you—and must hoof
Up to the poet yonder with this proof.
I'd read it to you: but, in faith, 'tis odds
For one poor devil to face so many gods.
A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their first exploits in sheets;
While the press groans, in place of dry-nurse stands,
And takes the bantling from the midwife's hands.

If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company feels labour-pains;
If any gentle poet, big with rhime,
Has run his reck'ning out and gone his time;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his satire;
Know such, that at our hospital of Muses
He may lye in, in private, if he chuses;
We've single lodgings there for secret sinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.

Here's one now that is free enough in reason;
This bard breeds regularly once a season;

Three of a sort, of homely form and feature,
The plain coarse progeny of humble nature;
Home-bred and born; no strangers he displays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in stiff French stays:
Two you have rear'd; but between you and me,
This youngest is the fav'rite of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about;
Let it in charity live nine nights out;
Stay but his month up; give some little law;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the straw.

Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil;
Kind courteous sirs, take council of the devil;
Stop your abuse; for while your readers see
Such malice, they impute your works to me;
Thus, while you gather no one sprig of fame,
Your poor unhappy friend is put to shame:
Faith, sirs, you should have some consideration,
When ev'n the devil pleads against damnation.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Lord Abberville,	Mr. Dodd.
Mortimer,	Mr. King.
Aubrey,	Mr. Barry.
Tyrrel,	Mr. Reddish.
Bridgemore,	Mr. Bransby.
Doctor Druid,	Mr. Baddely.
Jarvis,	Mr. Griffiths.
Napthali,	Mr. Waldron.
La Jeunesse,	Mr. J. Burton.
Colin Macleod,	Mr. Moody.

Women.

Augusta Aubrey,	Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Bridgemore,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Lucinda Bridgemore,	Mrs. Egerton.
Mrs. Macintosh,	Mrs. Love.
Maid Servant,	Miss Platt.

THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's *House with a Stair-case seen through an Arch. Several Domestics waiting in rich Liveries. Flourish of French-horns.*

Enter COLIN *hastily.*

Colin.

HOOT! fellows, haud your honds: pack up your damned clarinets, and gang your gait for a pair of lubberly minstrels as you are. An you could hondle the bagpipes instead, I would na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient instrument of great melody, and has whastled many a braw lad to his grave; but your holiday horns there are fit only to play to a drunken city barge, on a swan-hopping party up the Thames.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Fedon, Monsieur Colin, for why you have send away the horns? It is very much the ton in this

country for the fine gentlemens to have the horns: upon my vord, my lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les maccaroni below stairs, et toutee la coterie above. Hark, who vaits dere? My lord ring his bell.—Voi la, Monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin. [*Looking out.*] Now the de'il burst the weams of you all together, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you; had my Lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd it over.—Crom, crom.

La Jeu. Vat is dat crom, crom? We do not know in France, vat is dat crom, crom. But vat you say to the dinner? Upon my vord, monsieur, the cook make as fine dispositions for the table, as the Grand Condé did for the battle: ma foi, he merit to have his statue raised en crocan in the centre of his own performance.

Colin. Rais'd on a gibbet in the centre of Hounslow Heath; that's what he merits.

La Jeu. Ah, barbare! Here come my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and a supper served at twelve in the great eating parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my lord, had you ken'd the mess of

cakes and sweeties that was handed up amongst 'em just now, you would na' think there could be muckle need of supper this night.

Lord Abb. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

Lord Abb. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Colin. Right, my lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. What a Highland savage is this! My father indeed made use of him to pay the servants' wages, and post the tradesmens' accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does.

Enter MORTIMER, *repeating to himself.*

Mort. *Is this a dinner, this a genial room?*
This is a temple and a hecatomb.

Lord Abb. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too?—I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore I'm returning home.—Good night to you.

Lord Abb. What, on the wings so soon! With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Bramin could abominate your fleshly meal more than I

do; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blushed for it: Mark Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

Lord Abb. A truce, good cynick: pr'ythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at card! Me at a quadrille table! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals! 'sdeath, my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

Lord Abb. Out on thee, unconformable being: thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

Lord Abb. Yes; but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is formed by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

Lord Abb. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And yours too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar to the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

Lord Abb. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; and I did not know that your office extended any farther.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your

hands, I cleared myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

Lord Abb. Pooh! You've been black-ball'd at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me; your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

Lord Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him.

Mort. Where's the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling-preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a restraint; and, in his stead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian forsooth, who looks as if you had raked him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

Lord Abb. And so I did: but pr'ythee, Mortimer, don't run away; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

Lord Abb. Nay, I must have you better friends.——Come hither, doctor; hark'e———

Mort. Another time; at present, I am in no humour to stay the discussion of a cockle-shell, or the dissection of a butterfly's wing. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor DRUID.

Dr. Druid. Putterflies, putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the surly-poots prabbling about? Cot give her coot luck; will the man never leave off his flings and his fleers, and his fegaries; packpitting his petters:——Coot, my lord, let me call him back, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, d'ye see.

Lord Abb. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. Druid. Tedious! ay, in cood truth he is, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too; his crotchets and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire: he is the very night-mare of society.

Lord Abb. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. Druid. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit; like a loud pell to a pad dinner.

Lord Abb. Patience, good doctor, patience! Another time you shall have your revenge; at present you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my lord, I've done! laugh at my putterflies indeed! If he was as pig and as pold as King Gryffyn, Doctor Druid would make free to whisper an oord or two in his ear.

Lord Abb. Peace, choleric king of the mountains, peace.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my lord; I say, I've done.

Lord Abb. If you have done, let me begin. You

must know then, I expect my city madam from Fish-street-hill.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young madam Pridgemore, my Lady Apperville, that is to be, pless her, and save her, and make her a coot wife, say I.

Lord Abb. Pr'ythee, good doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you she is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable groupe; and, as I mean to make all things as easy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. Druid. Going out, my lord, with your house full of company.

Lord Abb. Oh, that's no objection; none in the least; fashion reconciles all those scruples: to consult your own ease in all things is the very first article in the recipe for good breeding: when every man looks after himself, no one can complain of neglect; but as these maxims may not be orthodox on the eastern side of Temple-Bar, you must stand, Gentleman Usher on this spot; put your best face upon the matter, and marshal my citizens into the assembly-room, with as much ceremony, as if they came up with an address from the whole company of Cordwainers.

Dr. Druid. Out on it, you've some tevilish oomans in the wind; for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath or the tevil, could keep you below.

Lord Abb. You've guess'd it; such a divine, delicious little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himself could not exercise her: I am possessed; and from the hour I saw her by surprise, I have been plotting methods how to meet her; a lucky opening offers; the mine is laid, and Bridgemore's visit is the signal for springing it.

Dr. Druid. Pridgemore's!—How so?

Lord Abb. Why, 'tis with him she lives; what else could make it difficult, and what but difficulty could make me pursue it? They prudently enough would have concealed her from me; for who can think of any other, when Miss Aubrey is in sight!——But hark! they're come; I must escape.——Now, love and fortune stand my friends! [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Pless us, what hastes and hurries he is in! and all for some young hussy.—Ah! he'll never have a proper relish for the venerable antique: I never shall bring down his mercury to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoso ought to stand at: sometimes, indeed, he will contemplate a beautiful statue, as if it was a ooman; I never could persuade him to look upon a beautiful ooman, as if she was a statue.

Enter BRIDGEMORE, *Mrs.* BRIDGEMORE, *and* LUCINDA.

Bridge. Doctor, I kiss your hands; I kiss your hands, good Doctor.—How these nobles live! Zooks, what a swinging chamber!

Mrs. Bridge. Why, Mr. Bridgemore, sure you think yourself in Leatherseller's-hall.

Luc. Pray, recollect yourself, papa; indeed this is not Fish-street-hill.

Bridge. I wish it was; I'd soon unhouse this trumpery: I'd soon furnish it with better goods.—Why, this profusion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs. Bridge. Law, how you stand and stare at things! stooping in the hall to count the servants; gaping at the lustre there, as if you'd swallow it.—I suppose our daughter, when she's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is Dr. Druid, Lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of very ancient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it should seem, if he's the representative of it.

Dr. Druid. Without flattery, Mrs. Pridgemore, Miss has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. Bridge. Come, sir, we'll join the company, Lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. Druid. Yes, truly, he's impatient for our coming; but you shall find him not at home.

Mrs. Bridge. How! not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. Druid. Why, 'twas some plaguy business took him out; but we'll dispatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge. Well, business—business must be done.

Mrs. Bridge. I thought my lord had been a man of fashion, not of business.

Luc. And so he is; a man of the first fashion; you cannot have a fresher sample:—the worst gallant in nature is your maccaroni; with the airs of a coquette, you meet the manners of a clown: fear keeps him in some awe before the men, but not one spark of passion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. Bridge. Well, we must make our curtsies above stairs—Our card was from Lady Caroline: I suppose she is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. Druid. Who waits there?—Shew the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up and shew your clothes; I'll chat with Dr. Druid here below. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Bridge. *and* Luc.] I love to talk with men that know the world:—they tell me, sir, that you have travelled it all over.

Dr. Druid. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what say you, sir? You're glad to be at home; nothing, I warrant, like old England. Ah! what's France, and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders? No—Old England for my money; 'tis worth all the world besides.

Dr. Druid. Your pelly says as much:—'twill fill the pot, but starve the prain; 'tis full of corn, and sheep, and villages, and people:—England, to the rest of the oorld, is like a flower-garden to a forest.

Bridge. Well, but the people, sir;—what say you to the people?

Dr. Druid. Nothing; I never meddle with the hu-

man species: man, living man, is no object of my curiosity—nor ooman neither; at least, Mr. Pridgemore, till she shall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I understand you; you speak in the way of trade;—money's your object.

Dr. Druid. Money and trade!—I scorn them both; the beaten track of commerce I disdain to follow:—I've traced the Oxus, and the Ton; traversed the Riphæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmost Tesarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed!—No,—I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight:—there is the land of wonders! finely depopulated! gloriously laid waste! fields without a hoof to tread them; fruits without a hand to gather them; with such a catalogue of pats, peetles, serpents, scorpions, caterpillars, toads,—Oh, 'tis a recreating contemplation to a philosophic mind!

Bridge. Out on them, filthy vermin! I hope you left them where you found them.

Dr. Druid. No, to my honour be it spoken, I have imported above fifty different sorts of mortal poisons into my native country.

Bridge. Lack-a-day, there's people enough at home can poison their native country.

Re-enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE *and* LUCINDA.

So, ladies, have you finished your visit already.

Mrs. Bridge. We've made our curtsies, and come away.

Dr. Druid. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you should go till my lord comes back.

Luc. Why not?—If my lord treats me already with the freedom of a husband, shouldn't I begin to practise the indifference of a wife? [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Well, but the supper, Mr. Bridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the supper?

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poisons have given me my supper:—scorpions, and bats, and toads—come, let's be gone.

Dr. Druid. Would they were in your belly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S *House. Enter Miss* AUGUSTA AUBREY *and* TYRREL, *and a Maid Servant with Lights.*

Aug. How I am watched in this house you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore you must not stay:—what you have done and suffered for my sake, I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I see you now, at last, surmount your difficulties, by the recovery of Lord Courtland: may your life never be again exposed on my account.

Tyr. I glory in protecting you;—when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I shall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town. Life

is not life without thee; never will I quit his feet, till I have obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aug. Alas! what hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whose rugged nature knows no happiness itself, nor feels complacency in that of others!

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world mistakes him.——Farewell, my dear Augusta; back'd with thy virtuous wishes, how can I fail to prosper? [*Exit.* Tyr.

[Augusta *enters an inner apartment.*

Enter Maid, introducing Lord ABBERVILLE.

Maid. All's safe; follow me, my lord; she is in her bed-chamber.

Lord Abb. Where? where?

Maid. There; where you see the light through the glass-door. If I thought you had any wicked designs in your head, I wouldn't have brought you here for the word; I should be murder'd if the family were to know it:—For pity's sake, my lord, never betray me.

Lord Abb. Go, get you gone; never talk of treason, my thoughts are full of love. [*Exit Maid.*]—First I'll secure the door; 'twill not be amiss to bar this retreat. [*Locks the door, and advances to the glass door.*]—Ay, there she is!—How pensive is that posture!—Musing on her condition; which, in truth, is melancholy enough: an humble cousin to a vulgar tyrant.—'Sdeath, she cannot choose but jump at my proposals.——See, she weeps.—I'm glad on't—grief dis-

poses to compliance.—'tis the very moment to assail her.

[Aug. *comes to the door with a candle in her hand; seeing Lord* ABBERVILLE, *starts.*]

Aug. Who's there? who's at the door? Ah!——

Lord Abb. Hush, hush; your screams will rouse the house.——'Tis I, Miss Aubrey—'tis Lord Abberville. ——Give me your hand—nay, be composed.—Let me set down the candle:—you are safe ——

Aug. Safe, my lord!—Yes, I'm safe:—but you are mistaken;—Miss Bridgemore's not at home; or, if she was, this is no place to meet her in.

Lord Abb. I'm glad of that;—bless'd in Miss Aubrey's company. I wish no interruption from Miss Bridgemore.

Aug. I should be loath to think so;—an avowal of baseness to one woman, should never be taken as flattery by another.—In short, my lord, I must intreat you to let the servants shew you to some fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular situation, and have the strongest reasons for what I request.

Lord Abb. I guess your reasons, but cannot admit them. I love you, madam; let that declaration be my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolick has the air of insult, and I insist upon your leaving me.

[*Knocking at the door*

Luc. [*Without.*] Who's within there?

Aug. Hark, hark! Miss Bridgemore, as I live.—Come in.

Luc. Come in!—Why, you have lock'd the door.

Aug. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for shame, for shame! thus am I sacrific'd to your ungenerous designs:—she must come in.

Lord Abb. Stay, stay; she must not find me here; there's one retreat; your chamber; lock me in there: I may still escape.

Luc. [*Without.*] What are you about, Miss Aubrey?—Let me in.

Aug. Where shall I turn myself? You've ruined all: if you're discovered, I shall never gain belief.

Lord Abb. Be advised then:—we have only this chance left. [*Goes to the bed-room door.*

Luc. [*Without.*] Miss Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I shall call up mamma; so pray unlock the door.

Aug. I scarce know what I do. [*Locks Lord* Abb. *in, then opens the outer door.*] There, madam, you're obeyed.

Enter LUCINDA BRIDGEMORE.

Luc. Why, surely, you affect extraordinary privacy.—It seems you've had your Tyrrel in our absence.

Aug. Yes, Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph! you're in mighty spirits.

Aug. No, madam; my poor spirits suit my poor condition: you, I hope, are rich in every sense.

Luc. She's happy, I can see, though she attempts to hide it: I cann't bear her. [*Aside.*]—Pray, Miss

Aubrey, what are your designs—to ruin this young man?

Aug. Madam!

Luc. Can you now in your heart suppose that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you? Depend upon't (I tell you as your friend) as soon as that old cynic hears of it (which I have taken care he shall) your hopes are crushed at once.

Aug. When were they otherwise?

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—she seems confus'd—her eyes wander strangely: watching the bed-room door—what is it she looks at?

Aug. Where are you going?

Luc. Going! Nay, no where—she's alarmed—— Miss Aubrey, I have a foolish notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this house.

Aug. No, on my word—shall I light you to your room?

Luc. So ready!—No; your own will serve: I can adjust my head-dress at your glass—Hey-day; all's fast—you've locked the door.——

Aug. Have I, indeed?

Luc. Yes, have you, madam; and if my suspicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aug. I beg to be excused.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at last? Admit me.

Aug. You cannot sure be serious—think I've the sanction of a guest.

Luc. Ridiculous! I'll raise the house—let me come to the bell.

Aug. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own sake desist: to save your own confusion, more than mine, desist, and seek no farther.

Luc. No, madam; if I spare you, may the shame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aug. At your own peril be it then! Look there. [*Opens, and discovers Lord* Abb.

Luc. Astonishing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary; this, of all frolicks modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the newest and the boldest stile.

Lord Abb. Upon my life, Miss Bridgemore, my visit has been intirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your Lordship's character, the lady's composure, are all innocence itself. Cann't you affect a little surprise, ma'am, at finding a gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourself? So excellent an actress might pretend a fit on the occasion: Oh, you have not half your part.

Lord Abb. Indeed, Miss Bridgemore, you look upon this in too serious a light.

Luc. No, be assured: I'm charmed with your address; you are a perfect fashionable lover: so agreeable to invite us to your house, so well bred to be from home, and so considerate to visit poor Miss Aubrey in our absence: altogether I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, politeness, or your honour.

Aug. Miss Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my inno-

cence to you; Heaven and my own heart acquit me; I must endure the censure of the world.

Luc. O, madam, with Lord Abberville's protection you may set that at nought: to him I recommend you: your company in this house will not be very welcome. [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. [*To her as she goes out.*] Then, madam, she shall come to mine; my house, my arms are open to receive her.—Fear nothing, set her at defiance; resign yourself to my protection; you shall face your tyrant, out-face her, shine above her, put her down in splendor as in beauty; be no more the servile thing her cruelty has made you; but be the life, the leader of each public pleasure, the envy of all womankind, the mistress of my happiness——

Aug. And murderer of my own. No, no, my lord, I'll perish first; the last surviving orphan of a noble house, I'll not disgrace it: from these mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my ancestors owe all they have, I shall expect no mercy; but you, whom even pride might teach some virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to seduce distress, yourself created, sinks you deeper in contempt than Heaven sinks me in poverty and shame. [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. A very unpromising campaign truly: one lady lost, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all losses appear trivial but its own.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Library in MORTIMER's *House.* MORTIMER *alone.*

Mortimer.

So! so! another day; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance; 'pshaw, I am sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling with each other, whilst a vast army of vices overruns the whole country at discretion.

Enter JARVIS.

Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, sir; a breakfast of good deeds; the offerings of a full heart and the return of an empty purse. There, sir, I've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so, Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer; fineer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou, my pandar, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half pay officer I met last Sunday——

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world; but in despair had crept into a

corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you sav'd him; you reliev'd him; no matter how; you made a fellow creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, sir; but his story's so affecting——

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of nature's spoilt children, and hav'n't yet left off the tricks of the nursery.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to see you.

Mort. Let him come in. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter TYRREL.

So, nephew, what brings you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now my Lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practising fresh thrusts, or repenting of that which is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, sir: I drew my sword in the defence of innocence: to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it; and as we hold our lives upon these terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then it seems; make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give 'em to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me: you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never justle; besides they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex, while I'm employed with t'other, and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle; a word of yours will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word; 'tis a lasting one; it should be, therefore, a deliberate one: but let me see your girl; I'm a sour fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against

the proud, the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune to Miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment!—Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining hers, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; yours is the task: your are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. [*Exit* Tyr.] Well, Frank, I suspected thou hadst more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encountering a wife, I am convinced of it. A wife! 'sdeath, sure some planetary madness reigns amongst our wives; the dog-star never sets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude Maister Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrian take 'em all, sike a family of free-booters, Maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful œconomy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an the de'il himsell was to turn housekeeper, he could na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna'

count past twa generations without a gibbet in their 'scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably changed since your old master died.

Colin. Ah, Maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my laird; i'faith, I hanna 'stinted him o' that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed; his head, heart, happiness are gone to ruin; the least a gamester loses is his money.

Colin. Ecod, and that's no trifle in this case: last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Napthali, of St. Mary Axe: when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your lord driven to such wretched shifts?

Colin. Hoot! know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a desperate case; when the regulars have brought you to Death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor: for I take it he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o' the hede; my laird will sign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promisary notes, and a damned sight

of roguries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Napthali could carry; I would it had braken his bock; and yet he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish-street-hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin. Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you: Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the usurer with Lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment: this must be prevented.

Colin. You may spare your pains for that; the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, Mr. Mortimer, I canna' satisfy you on that hede; but yesternight the job was done; methought the business never had a kindly aspect from the first.

Mort. Well, as my lord has got rid of miss, I think he may very well spare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reason he should lose his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be past my power to hinder? yet even that shall be attempted: find out the Jew that Bridgemore has employed, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew, since Samson's time, that Colin cou'd na' deal with; an' he hangs back, and will na' follow kindly, troth,

I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will I, and his master the fat fellow into the bargain.

Mort. No, no, leave me to deal with Bridgemore; I'll scare away that cormorant; if the son of my noble friend will be undone, it never shall be said he fell without an effort on my part to save him. [*Exit.*

Colin. By Heaven you speak that like a noble gentleman. Ah, Maister Mortimer, in England he that wants money wants every thing; in Scotland now, few have it, but every one can do without it.

[*Exit* Colin.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE*'s House.* BRIDGEMORE *and Doctor* DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, doctor; while I have a good house over my head, what care I if the Pyramids of Egypt were sunk into the earth? London, thank Heaven, will serve my turn.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, look ye, I never said it wasn't coot enough for them that live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! Why what is like it? Where can you live so well?

Dr. Druid. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks shops and putchers shambles; your very streets have savoury names; your Poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fish-street-hill here; o' my oord, the map of London, would

furnish out an admirable pill of fare for a Lord Mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, doctor, I am contented with Fish-street-hill; you may go seek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. Druid. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your own a little further, and you'll drive every man of sense out of it; bless us, and save us, bye and bye not a monument of antiquity will be left standing, from London-stone to Westminster-hall.

Bridge. And if the Commissioners of Paving would mend the streets with one, and present t'other as a nuisance, bone-setters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

Dr. Druid. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble and venerable and ancient amongst you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of deriving dignity from your progenitors, than you are of transmitting it to your posterity.

Bridge. Well, doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for rust and cobwebs; I am for brushing them off wherever I meet them: we are for furnishing our shops and warehouses with good profitable commodities; you are for storing them with all the monsters of the creation: I much doubt if we could serve you with a

dried rattlesnake, or a stuft alligator, in all the purlieus of Fish-street-hill.

Dr. Druid. A stuft alligator. A stuft alderman would be sooner had.

Bridge. May be so; and let me tell you an antiquarian is as much to seek in the city of London, as an alderman would be in the ruins of Herculaneum; every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the paltry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be sworn now, you are as much at home amongst the snakes and serpents, at Don Saltero's, as I am with the Jews and jobbers, at Jonathan's.

Dr. Druid. Coot truth, Mr. Pridgemore, 'tis hard to say which connection is the most harmless of the two.

Enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. Bridge. I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Bridgemore, to see you stir no brisker in this business; with such a storm about your ears, you stand as idle as a Dutch sailor in a trade-wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you come in, I heard nothing of the storm.

Mrs. Bridge. Recollect the misadventure of last night: the wickedness of that strumpet you have harboured in your house; that viper, which would never have had strength to sting, had not you warmed it in your bosom.

Dr. Druid. Faith and truth now, I hav'n't heard better reasoning from an ooman this many a day;

you shall know Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous species love warmth; their stings, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their teeth, and they are harmless reptiles; the conjurors in Persia play a thousand fancies and fagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Persian, doctor.

Mrs. Bridge. No, nor conjuror neither; you would not else have been the dupe thus of a paltry girl.

Dr. Druid. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls: the Asiatics are more wise; saving your presence now, I've seen a Turkish Pacha or a Tartar Chan rule threescore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more ease and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs. Bridge. Manage your butterflies, your bats and beetles, and leave the government of wives to those who have 'em; we stand on British ground as well as our husbands; Magna Charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time; we have our Commons, doctor, as well as the men; and I believe our privileges are as well managed here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. Druid. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be disputed by any in this company; and, if miss is as well instructed in hers, I wish my Lord Abberville joy of his release; that's all. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. What did the fellow say? Who sent that old mummy hither.

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying message from Lord Abberville, as I believe; but 'tis such an extravagant old blade, he got amongst the pyramids of Egypt before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. Bridge. I would he was there, and his pupil with him; don't you see what a condition our poor girl is thrown into?

Luc. I into a condition! No; they shall never have to say they threw me into a condition. I may be angry, but I scorn to own I'm disappointed.

Bridge. That's right, child; sure there are more men in the world than Lord Abberville.

Luc. La, papa! your ideas are so gross, as if I cared for any of the sex, if he hadn't singled her out from all women kind; but it is ever thus; she's born to be my evil genius; sure the men are mad—Tyrrel, Lord Abberville—one touched my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay; there is a fine estate, a noble title, great connections, powerful interest.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep some shew of justice; this may be all a frolic of Lord Abberville's; the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miserable?

Mrs. Bridge. Come, she's been suffered in your house too long; had I been mistress, she should have quitted it last night upon the instant: would she had never entered it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wish, Mrs. Bridgemore; she has proved the best feather in my wing; but call her down; go, daughter, call her down.

Luc. I'll send her to you; nothing shall prevail with me to speak to her, or look upon the odious creature any more. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bridge. What is it you are always hinting at about this girl? She's the best feather in your wing! Explain yourself.

Bridge. I cann't; you must excuse me; 'tis better you should never know it.

Mrs. Bridge. Why, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a destitute girl, without father, and without friends?

Bridge. But is she really without a father? Was I once well assured of that——But hush! my daughter's here——Well, where's Miss Aubrey?

Enter LUCINDA, *followed by a Maid Servant.*

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. Bridge. That's flat conviction.

Bridge. What have you there: A letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excused, sir; I don't choose to touch her nasty scrawl.

Bridge. Well then, let's see; I'll read it myself. [*Reads.*] 'Sir, Since neither Lord Abberville's testimony, nor my solemn protestations can prevail

'with you to believe me innocent, I prevent Miss 'Bridgemore's threatened dismission, by withdrawing 'myself for ever from your family.—How the world 'will receive a destitute defenceless orphan, I am now 'to prove: I enter on my trial without any armour 'but my innocence; which, though insufficient to se- 'cure to me the continuance of your confidence, will, 'by the favour of Providence, serve, I hope, to sup- 'port me under the loss of it.

'AUGUSTA AUBREY.'

So, she's elop'd.——

Mrs. Bridge. Ay, this is lucky; there's an end of her: this makes it her own act and deed;—give me the letter.—Go, you need not wait. [*To the maid.*

Maid. Madam!

Luc. Don't you hear? Leave the room.

Maid. Pray, don't be angry; I beg to speak a word to you.

Luc. Go, go;—another time;—I'm busy.

Maid. I've done a wicked thing; and if I don't discharge my heart, 'twill break, it is so full.

Mrs. Bridge. What have you done? Speak out.

Maid. Why, I have been the means of ruining an innocent person; for such Miss Aubrey is.

Bridge. How so? Go on.

Maid. 'Twas I that brought Lord Abberville last night into her chamber, unknown to her: I thought it was a little frolic to surprise her; but when I heard her scream, I was alarmed, and ran and listened at the door.

Luc. Well, and what then?

Maid. Why, then I heard her chide him, and desire him to be gone;—yes, and but just before you came up stairs, I heard the poor young lady reproach him bitterly for his baseness in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, madam:—indeed she is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a simpleton, and say no more about the matter.

Maid. To be sure I was a simpleton to do as I did; but I should never survive it, if any mischief was to follow. [*Exit.*

Bridge. What's to be done now?

Mrs. Bridge. What's to be done? why let her take her course; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aside and follow after her?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that? indeed had she been really criminal, I could have endured her better; for then I had had one qualification which she had wanted;—now she piques me every way.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lord Abberville, madam, desires to be admitted to say a word to you.

Luc. Who? Lord Abberville?

Mrs. Bridge. Oh, by all means admit, him.—Now, Lucy, shew yourself a woman of spirit: receive him; meet his insulting visit with becoming contempt.——

Come, Mr. Bridgemore, let us leave them to themselves. [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs.* Bridge.

Luc. Ahem! now, pride support me!

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Miss Bridgemore, your most obedient;—I come, madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and Miss Aubrey for the ridiculous situation in which I was surprised last night.

Luc. Cool, easy villain! [*Aside.*

Lord Abb. I dare say you laughed most heartily after I was gone.

Luc. Most incontinently-incomparable assurance! [*Aside.*

Lord Abb. Well, I forgive you; 'twas ridiculous enough; a foolish frolick, but absolutely harmless, be assured; I'm glad to find you no longer serious about is.——But where's Miss Aubrey, pray?

Luc. You'll find her probably at you own door;—she's gone from hence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Tyrrel, madam.

Luc. Shew him in, pray.—My lord, you've no objection.

Lord Abb. None in life; I know him intimately; but, if you please, I'll take my leave; you may have business.——Curse on it, he is the lady's lover. [*Aside.*

Luc. Nay, I insist upon your staying.——Now, malice, stand my friend! [*Aside.*]——Good morning to you, sir, you're welcome to town.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. I thank you.—I am wrong, I believe; your servant should not have shewn me in here; 'tis with Miss Aubrey I request to speak

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct Mr. Tyrrel to Miss Aubrey:—she has left this family, sir.

Tyr. Madam—my lord—I beg to know— I don't understand——

Lord Abb. Nor I, upon my soul:—was ever any thing so malicious? [*Aside.*

Luc. My lord, why don't you speak; Mr. Tyrrel may have particular business with Miss Aubrey.

Lord Abb. Why do you refer to me? How should I know any thing of Miss Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I ask pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere visit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuse me, madam; I confess it was an errand of the most serious sort.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've plac'd her.

Tyr. Plac'd her!

Lord Abb. Ay, plac'd her indeed!—For Heaven's sake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my lord; but after last night's fatal discovery, I conceived you would no

longer affect any privacy as to your situation with Miss Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you discover last night, madam, tell me? I have an interest in the question.

Luc. I'm sorry for it, for then you'll not be pleased to hear that she admits Lord Abberville by night into her bed-room, locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear?—My lord, my lord, if this is true——

Lord Abb. What then?—What if it is?—Must I account to you?—Who makes you my inquisitor?

Tyr. Justice, humanity, and that controul which virtue gives me over its opposers.—if more you would, with anguish, I confess my heart unhappily was placed on her whom you have ruin'd:—now you'll not dispute my right.

Lord Abb. This is no place to urge your right? I shall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there. [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. Do so—your servant.——Miss Bridgemore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable visit;—I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleasing contemplation of what may probably ensue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel. [*Exit.*

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!—I must be less or more than woman, if I did not relish this retaliation. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, with a distant View of a Square. *Enter* COLIN.

Colin.

AH, Colin! thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftless loon thou'st been, that cou'dna' keep a little pelf to thysall when thou had'st got it: now thou may'st gang in this poor geer till thy life's end—and worse too, for aught I can tell.—'Faith, mon, 'twas a smeart little bysack of money thou had'st scrap'd together, and the best part of it had na' been laft amongst thy kinsfolk in the isles of Skey and Mull;—muckle gude may it do the weams of them that ha' it!—There was Jamie Mac Gregor, and Sawney Mac Nab, and the twa braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's first husband's second cousin:—by my saul I cou'd na' see such near relations, and gentlemen of sic auncient families, gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horseback:—I had been na' true Scot, an I cou'd na' ge'en a countryman a gude laft upon occasion. [*Going.*

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY.

Aug. That house is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I cann't resolve to go to it:—to appeal to Tyrrel is a dangerous step; it plunges him again in my unprosperous concerns, and puts his life a second time in

danger:—still, still I know not how to let him think me guilty:—wretched, unfriended creature that I am, what shall I do? [*As she is going out,* Colin *advances.*

Colin. Haud a bit, lassie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aug. Sir! Did you speak to me?

Colin. Troth did I; I were loth to let affliction pass beside me, and not ask it what it ail'd.

Aug. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in a way to help you, isn't that enough?

Aug. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is all my case admits of.

Colin. Wha can tell that? I may be better than I seem:—as sorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Briton in the land;—troth, an you be of my country, madam, you may have heard as much.

Aug. I do not question it;—but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an' if you had, the de'il a bit the worse shou'd I ha' lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot;—we did na' make oursalls;—Paradise itsal wou'd na' hald all mankind, nor Scotland neither:—and let me tell you, there's no braver or more auncient people underneath Heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terrestrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aug. Well, sir, you seem to wish to do me service: I've a letter here, I cannot well deliver it myself; if

you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the house of Mr. Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot, hoot! I ken him weel; I came fra' thence but now.

Aug. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? the gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, esquire——Ah! an 'tis there abouts you point, gadzooks, your labour's lost; you may ev'n wear the willow as they say, for by my troth he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aug. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twaat the same time.

Aug. His heart's engaged it seems: what is the lady's name?

Colin. Woe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scotish name, I should na' let it slip so; but I've no mighty memory for your English callings; they do na' dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a grete fat lubber yonder in the city that she dwells; a fellow with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; she's the happy woman.

Aug. Is she the happy woman? Well, sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no treason in it against Miss Aubrey; she herself is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I shall honde it to

him; I were a sorry cheeld an I could grudge you that; where shall I bring his answer?

Aug. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your house, where mun I say you dwell?

Aug. I have no house, no home, no father, friend, or refuge, in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hospitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will shew you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceless loon indeed, when Providence ha' done so much for me, an' I could not pay back a little to a fellow creature.

Aug. Who you may be I know not; but that sentiment persuades me I may trust you: know, in this wretched person you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Miss Aubrey! you Miss Aubrey! His presence be about us! and has that grete fat fellow in the city turned his back upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his stomach be his grave! I could find in my heart to stick my dirk into his weam.

Aug. Have patience; 'tis not he; Lord Abberville's the source of my misfortunes.

Colin. Ah, woe the while the more's his shame, I'd rather hear that he was dead.

Aug. Do not mistake affliction for disgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I see it in your face: would I could say as much of him.

Aug. You know him then.

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Maccleod's my name.

Aug. Colin Macleod!

Colin. What do you start at? Troth, there's no shame upon't; 'tis not a bit the worse for my wear; honesty was aw my patrimony, and, by my sol! hanna' spent it: I serve Lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aug. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beseech you, in some present shelter, till the labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing space, till I can rally my exhausted spirits, and learn to struggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my sol, so Heaven gives life! and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na smuthly spoken, but you shall find me true.—And look, the first door that I cast my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintosh: troth, 'tis a gudely omen, and prognostic; the Macintoshes and Macleods are aw of the same blood fra' long antiquity: had we search'd aw the town we could na' find a better. [*Knocks at the door.*] Odzooks, fear nothing, damsel, an she be a true Macintosh, you need na' doubt a welcome.

Enter Mrs. MACINTOSH.

Gude day to you, madam, is your name Macintosh, pray you?

Mrs. Mac. It is; what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, hau'd a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye see, a Scotish kinsman of

yours, Colin Macleod by name, I crave lodgment in your house for this poor lassie.—Gude troth you need na' squant at her so closely; there's nought to be suspected; and though she may na' boast so long a pedigree as you and I do, yet for an English family, she's of no despicable house; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent: respecting mine own sall I will na' vaunt, but an' you've any doubt, you need na' gange a mighty length to satisfy 'em; I'm no impostor.

Mrs. Mac. I see enough to satisfy me: she is a perfect beauty:—pray, young lady, walk in; pray walk up stairs, you are heartily welcome; lack-a-day you seem piteously fatigued.

Aug. Indeed I want repose.

Colin. Rest you awhile; I'll deliver your letter and call on you anor.

Aug. I thank you. [*Enters the house.*

Mrs. Mac. Heavens, what a lovely girl!

Colin. Haud you bit, you've done this kindly, cousin Macintosh, but we're na' come a bagging, d'ye see; here, take this money in your hond, and let her want for nought.

Mrs. Mac. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintosh at once; I am na' apt to be mistaken in any of your clan; and 'tis a comely presence that you have; troth 'tis the case with aw of you; the Macintoshes are a very personable people. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Mac. Another of my Scotish cousins—Oh, this

new name of mine is a most thriving invention; a rare device to hook in customers; when I was plain Nan Rawlins of St. Martin's parish, scarce a yard of ferret could I sell to club a prentice's hair on a Sunday morning; now there's not a knight of the Thistle that does not wear my green pauduasoy across his shoulder, nor a Mac passes my shop who does not buy snuff and black ribband of his kinswoman; of such consequence is it to have a good name in this world [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lord ABBERVILLE's *House. Enter Lord* ABBERVILLE, *followed by several Servants.*

Lord Abb. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Jeu. And with reason, my lord; Monsieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too œconomique; it is not for the credit of mi Lord Anglois to be too œconomique.

Lord Abb. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute; but get you gone all together, and send the fellow to me; I begin to be as tired of him as you are.—[*Exeunt servants.*] —His honesty is my reproach; these rascals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has

no stake, no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the sufferer: in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deformed me; gaming has made a monster of me.

Re-enter LA JEUNESSE.

Lord Abb. Well, is the savage coming?

La Jeu. He is only turning his cravet, my lord, and will be here immediately.

Lord Abb. Leave me. [*Exit* La Jeu.

Enter COLIN.

Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your presence I should guess a pratty many lies; 'twill mostly be the case when companions in office give characters one of another.

Lord Abb. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin. And so must truth itsall, when the de'il turns historian.

Lord Abb. You've been applauded for your bluntness; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; and shall I part from all my family to accommodate your spleen; from the stable boy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor never will, till I prefer their interest to yours; hungry curs will bark; but an' your lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting yours above, gadzooks. I have a

pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetites than purses, who will applaud the regulation.

Lord Abb. 'Tis for such purses and such appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridan of London, your narrow scale of œconomy is laid down.

Colin. Oeconomy is no disgrace; 'tis better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Lord Abb. Well, sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome; my family are one and all in arms against you; and you must know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My lord, my lord; when you have shad the blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, Heaven be my judge, the realms of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my honde upon.

Enter Dr. DRUID.

Lord Abb. So, doctor, what's the news with you?—Well, Colin, let me hear no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me—and hark'e, if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

Lord Abb. Afford it, sirrah? Don't I know you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it.

Colin. True; but I fain would keep a little together, d'ye see, lest you should not. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and disputing, truly, about pedigrees and antiquities, though I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of Saint Winifred, as regularly as a monk can tell his beads.

Lord Abb. Leave your generations to the worms, doctor, and tell me if you carried my message to Bridgemore—But why do I ask that? When I myself am come from putting the finishing hand to that treaty: and really, if young women will keep companions who are handsomer than themselves, they must'n't wonder if their lovers go astray.

Dr. Druid. Ah, my Lord Apperville, my Lord Apperville, you've something there to answer for.

Lord Abb. Preach not, good sixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three; the stars are in my debt one lucky throw at least; let them bestow Miss Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's past. [*A Servant delivers a letter.*] What have we here?—From Tyrrel I suppose—No, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter; my commodious Mrs. Macintosh. [*Reads.*]—'Chance 'has thrown in my way a girl, that quite eclipses 'your Miss Somers: come to me without loss of 'time, lest the bird should be on the wing.'—What shall I do? I have but little stomach to the business. Aubrey is my goddess, and 'tis downright heresy to follow any other.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gamble.

Lord Abb. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little ugly fellow: I believe he's a Jew.

Lord Abb. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's probably is better trained; so let me see him: who is in the anti-chamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your lordship; they have called a great many times.

Lord Abb. Ay, ay, they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore conduct that little ugly fellow as you call him to my closet, and bid those other people call again. [*Exit Serv.*] Doctor if any of my particulars are importunate to see me, don't let them interrupt me here; tell them I'm gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it. [*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. They may guess that without the gift of divination truly: ah! this passion is the prejudice of education! He may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulf of Finland to the Streights of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.

Enter TYRREL

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intrusion; where is

Lord Abberville? His servants deny him to me, and I have business with him of a pressing sort.

Dr. Druid. Business indeed!

Tyr. Yes, business, sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. Druid. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you, he is gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; a commodious sort of a pody, who follows one trade in her shop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his business there.

Dr. Druid. Pleasure is all his business: I take for granted he finds some gratification in his visits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil; the pleasure of defacing beauty and dispoiling innocence, of planting everlasting misery in the human heart for one licentious transitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots; thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her shame.

Dr. Druid. Ay, I suppose Miss Aubrey is the reigning passion now.

Tyr. Curs'd be his passions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, sir, she was an angel once: such was the grateful modesty of her deportment, it seems as if the chastity, which now so many of her sex throw from them, centered all with her.

Dr. Druid. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can say but little in the case; women and politics I never deal in; in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no passion for the pillory. [*Exit.*

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Gang your gait for an old smoak-dried piece of goat's flesh. [*Shuts the door.*]—Now we're alone, young gentleman, there's something for your private reading. [*Delivers a letter.*

Tyr. What do I see? Miss Aubrey's hand! Why does she write to me?—Distraction! how this racks my heart!

Colin. Ay, and mine too—Eeod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna' for the saul of me, get it bock into its place again:—gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. [*Reads.*] 'I am the martyr of an accident, 'which never will find credit; under this stroke, I 'cann't conceal a wish that Mr. Tyrrel would not 'give me up; but as his single opposition to the 'world's reproach might be as dangerous to him, as 'it must be ineffectual to me, I earnestly advise him 'to forget the unfortunate AUGUSTA.'

—What am I to conclude? The paper looks like innocence; the words are soft as modesty could utter. —'The martyr of an accident!'—She calls it accident; why, that's no crime.—Alas! it might be accident which threw temptation in her way, but voluntary guilt which yielded to the tempter;—of him she makes no mention.——Pray, sir, inform me; you have seen this lady——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Discours'd with her——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that discourse, do you recollect if she named Lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect she said he was the source of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did she say so much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look; I wou'd na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh, 'tis too palpable!—But, pray, did she herself give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own honds; gude faith, the heart within you wou'd ha' malted to have seen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture!—Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no disparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedness about it: odzooks! she's with a lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as close as wax, d'ye see; ye munna mang the secret to my laird.

Tyr. Well, well;—the place——

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a cousin's of mine own; a comely courteous woman as you'd wish to commune with;—one Mrs. Macintosh.——

Tyr. 'Sdeath, that confirms it!—There, sir, bring me no more letters: whether you're dupe or pandar in this business, I desire never to be troubled more.

[*Exit.*

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend possesses you?—What

time o' the moon is this? The lad's an errant bedlamite.—There's mischief in the wind, and this same laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes Maister Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the case, and take his counsel on the whole. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Mrs. MACINTOSH's *House. Enter Mrs.* MACINTOSH *and* TYRREL.

Mrs. Mac. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you must and will be heard, you must; but pray be short,—my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind:—You've got a lady in your house has taken that from me I never shall recover.

Mrs. Mac. What is't you mean? What lady have I in my house?

Tyr. Miss Aubrey.

Mrs. Mac. Miss Aubrey! You mistake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: answer me truly,—does not Lord Abberville visit a lady here?

Mrs. Mac. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr. Why, then, that lady has undone me; she has broke my heart.

Mrs. Mac. Yes: but her name's not Aubrey; my lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleases to elude my search, still I must see her.

Mrs. Mac. Why, you're mad sure to think of such a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a trust!—No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you see no lady here. Why, sure, I've not maintained an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at last.

Tyr. If you suspect me, stay and be present at our conference.

Mrs. Mac. Yes, and so have my lord come in and catch us, and a tilting-bout ensue betwixt you;—no, Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a sober well-conducted family: I'll have no coroner's inquest come within my doors. ——Hush! as I live, here comes my lord, dear Tyrrel, be advised—come along with me, and betake yourself out of his way.

Tyr. No;—I'll not seek a quarrel with Lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him:—go, go, and leave us to each other. [*Exit Mrs.* Mac.

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon Miss Aubrey's account, come to my house;—I answer nothing here.

Tyr. My lord, when I'm assured Miss Aubrey is in this house, and see you her visitor, I can interpret for myself.

Lord Abb. Miss Aubrey in this house! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me so; your Mrs. Macintosh herself confessed it.

Lord. Abb. Humph! after all, 'twould be a lucky hit, should this be true:—it may be so. [*Aside.*

Tyr. If you require more witnesses to what I say, here comes an indisputable one, Miss Aubrey herself.

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY.

Aug. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed! —Lord Abberville here too!—'tis what I dreaded. You have mischief in your minds; but, I beseech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor cast away a thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your answer first to these demands: Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accusation to prefer against this lord? or do you acquit him, and submit with patience to your situation?

Aug. I accuse no one; I submit with patience; I am content to be the only sufferer in this business, and earnestly intreat you to desist from any altercation with Lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm satisfied; and shall religiously obey you. —Lord Abberville, I ask your pardon for this interruption; I never shall repeat it more.

Aug. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever.—Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my foolish heart relapses into love, I'll seize the resolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever.

Aug. Astonishing!

Lord Abb. There, madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that gentleman.

Aug. Could I have thought this of him?—Now I'm truly wretched.

Lord Abb. No, madam, if my purse, my person, my assiduous ardent love, can fill the vacancy his falsehood makes, you've had no loss; dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; smile only on my wishes.

Aug. No, my lord, no;—you've made me wretched, guilty you shall never make me.

Lord Abb. Innexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep: call to mind where you are; in a house where I am master; surrounded by creatures whom I command; your champion gives you up; resistance is in vain;—if you refuse my favours, madam, you shall feel my force.

[*Struggles with her.*

Aug. What is't you mean, my lord?—Stand off.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my lord?

Lord Abb. Mortimer! 'Sdeath, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort. [*Goes to the door.*] Nay, my good friend, come in.

Enter COLIN.

This honest man was my conductor: while you, Lord Abberville, in a distinguished rank, are openly assaulting innocence, he, in his humble post, is

secretly supporting it.—If you come under that description, madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further business here.

Aug. Why should I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor; your nephew, sir, will tell you that is cause sufficient for abandoning me.

L. Abb. This grows too serious; I scorn to steal that from you half my fortune could not purchase. I believe you are as innocent as Heaven first formed you; and to convince the world in what esteem I hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank, and fortune, at your feet.

Aug. No, there may be a legal prostitute as well as a licentious one; had you a world to give, after your base experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I shall take. You may find others less exceptious; but in a noble family, though stripped of fortune, there will still be pride.

L. Abb. I see my fate; I see a prepossession in your heart too strong for me to shake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour: I resign Miss Aubrey into your hands for the present, and shall expect you will avail yourself of no unfair advantages over me.—Macleod, I find Miss Aubrey is to thank you for this seasonable visit of Mr. Mortimer's. [*Exit.*

Mort. Come, madam, you are now my ward; Bridgemore must struggle hard to get you back again.

Aug. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardom me, but must I think you serious? If what you now propose is meant in kindness to me, I must say the world has not done justice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our sex in particular.

Mort. Nor am I; your sex have broke treaty with us, passed the bounds betwixt us, forced into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its shame.

Aug. But all have not done this——

Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all: a virtuous individual is of no sex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aug. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country rather than to virtue, which determined you to put me into this house.

Colin. De'il take me now, and all my kindred with me, if I knew aught about the house, more than the name of Macintosh upon the door.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general misconception is gone forth; my nephew I perceive has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his design in bringing you hither was more than innocent, depend upon it, it was noble; I have heard his story, and at my request he brings me here; commit yourself therefore to my protection, and rely upon my justice.

Aug. How shall I answer you? Your generosity o'erwhelms me.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a meer voluptuary; I study luxury by principle, and am as sensual on the side of virtue, as Abberville, or any other fashionable rake, on that of vice. Colin, you'll settle matters with your countrywoman and come to us at my house. [*Exeunt.*

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe she has a drop of Scotish blude in aw her composition; as I shall answer I never blushed before for any of the name: there must be something spurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little serious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoshes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her descent 'twixt this and Noah, gadzooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I prove her an impostor. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Fish-Street-Hill. AUBREY *alone.*

Aubrey.

If Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordained me to this hour, and through innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I ap-

preach it with an anxious aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omen'd doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and tell her she has still a father? Oh, that unknown and unperceived, I could but catch a sight of her, gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till somebody comes out, that I may speak to. [*Steps aside.*

Enter COLIN MACLEOD.

Colin The murrain light upon this Fish-Street-Hill, wherever it may be: I wou'd it had na' got its name for nought, that I might fairly small it out, for I am clear bewalder'd. Johnny Groat's house wou'd as soon be found as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o' this honde, one o' that, and t'other stares and grins forsooth because I hanna got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot! this mon seems of a batter sort, and peradventure wou'd concede an answer. Speed you, gentleman, I pray you whuch way leads to Fish-Street-Hill?

Aub. You are there already; this is Fish-Street-Hill.

Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken you one Bradgemore's, may I ask?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder house with the great gates; but it is many years since I have been in England.

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to ask you a few questions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And with his family——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of?

Colin. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enough in aw gude reason; the de'il, sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be serious; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family.

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourself: you don't seem to know his house; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what base begotten brats he may haue sculking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to say.—These city cattle sometimes will break pasture.

Aub. You misconceive me, honest friend: has no

young lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor lassie, she once liv'd with Bradgemore; the worse luck her's, but that is over, she has got her liberty; she's now releas'd.

Aub. I understand you——she is dead.

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time, I wou'd ha' told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny; na more: out on him, filthy porpoise, aw the bowels in his belly, tho' he has got gude store, danna contain one grain of pity: troth, with his gude will she might ha' starv'd and perish'd in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the same breath you bring my hopes to life and murder them again—Starv'd in the streets? I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, sir, nought else, and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks, and I mysall, by Heaven's gude providence, had na' stapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't she had been lost.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whosoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast sav'd my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks, you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miss Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. An if I'd found mine awn I cou'd na' been

more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my soul you've got an angel of a child—but where have you been buried all the while? for we believ'd you dead.

Aub. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in: satisfy me first if my poor child is safe.

Colin Fear nought, she's safe with Maister Mortimer; I laft her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. Why, Maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he must be known and not describ'd: an' you will bait awhile in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been mistaken in this Bridgemore; three years ago I consign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robbed me——but till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my enquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's.—Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Compting-House belonging to BRIDGEMORE. *Enter* BRIDGEMORE *and* NAPTHALI.

Bridge. And so, friend Napthali, Lord Abberville has had another tumble.

Napth. A damn one.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine high pamper'd carcase to the quick.

Napth. I'fait, he flings and winces so, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India stock upon a settling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between those that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. These are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest. [*Gives several papers.*

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bonds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there, lie by and breed. [*Puts them by.*] But hark'e-me! Hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's consignment you mean.

Bridge. The same; but mum! That's between you and me: close, close, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my way; there is no senses in that. Here I have

make out your account; 'tis var coot bargain I have make, considering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why this tells well; it mounts; the raw silk was old gold; the carpetting and cottons not amiss; and whuh! the rhubarb!

Napth. Ah, sir, but vat is that? Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politics account for that; while news-papers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Russians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming stroke: war is a var coot thing; and then the plague; a blessed circumstance, tank Heaven; a blessed circumstance, coot 7 *per cent.*

Bridge. Let me see; altogether 'tis a thumping sum: it netted forty thousand: where's the conscience, Napthali, that wouldn't strain a point for forty thousand pounds?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you cou'd not strike a jury out of Jonathan's that wouldn't acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Napth. Odso! well recollected! The Sea-horse is arrived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurances upon her.

Bridge. What d'ye hear? What passengers come in her? Is she at Stangate-Creek?

Napth. No, in the pool; she brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague-fit; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. [*Exit* Napth.]—Well, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow.——The Seahorse come at last!—Why, be it so.——What ails me?—what possesses me?—If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.——How now;—who's there?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you, a wratched gaelly under favour of your raverence, na better.

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my Lord Aberville's retinue,——Well, you have some enquiries to make about Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guest as much; but she's gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to secrecy, I'd gee thee sic a pill shou'd lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance. [*Aside.*

Bridge. No, Master Colin, your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forswear my country.—Well, you wull na' have my message then, I mun gang back to Maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'll na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold,—what trader do you speak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a passenger from Scan-

deroon, aboard the—what d'ye call the vessel—the Sea-horse, I take it.

Bridge. What? who?—It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I wou'd it was—the mon is dead.

Bridge. which man is dead:—the passenger or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! cann't you think 'tis Aubrey?—By your leave, Truth, awhile, you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falsehood to detect itsall. [*Aside.*

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart.—Give me your hand; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend.—And so he is dead, you say——you're sure he is dead——pray, what distemper did he die of?

Colin. When a mon's in his grave, what matters which distemper laid him there.

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough. Pray you sit down; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter——Zooks! suppose I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome, think you?

Colin. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air. [*Exit.*

Colin. Ecod the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

Enter NAPTHALI *hastily.*

Napth. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot ——Who's there?—that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, held, friend Napthali; you and I munna part; you must keep pace wi' me to Maister Mortimer's.

Napth. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impossible: why I must be at Bank, sir, I must be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the coffee-house on my back. Would you make me a lame duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, sir, you must travel.

[*Exit dragging* Napth. *out.*

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Hey-day! I never saw the like before; I cann't think what possesses my father; he's intoxicated: quite beside himself with this comfirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death: for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; so that Augusta had but one lover less, I care not if she had forty fathers living: Tyrrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy of any woman's preference; if I could draw him from her 'twould be full retaliation for Lord Abberville——I'll go to Mortimer's: 'tis an untoward visit; but I'll go there.

Enter BRIDGEMORE.

Bridge. Come, bustle, daughter, bustle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to ask the stranger's name. [*Exit hastily.*

Enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. Bridge. Where have you hid yourself, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you——Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to MORTIMER'S *Library. Enter* MORTIMER *and* TYRREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hear-say circumstances together, shook them in an empty noddle, and so produced a compound of nonsense and suspicion.

Tyr. I plainly see I've judged too hastily.

Mort. Judged! pooh, I would not give a rush for such a judge: a magpye in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wisely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemned yourself.

Tyr. I do condemn myself; and if Miss Aubrey does not sign my pardon, I am disposed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be asking pardon. [*Exit* Tyr.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Bless you, good Maister Mortimer, I hanna' slept in your commission; yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street-Hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort. What mean you? Does he bring his wife with him.

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you mun know apace, and yon same buzzard canna spy it out.

Mort. What plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks, mon, you shall behold as pretty a discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes looked upon; but aw things in their course; I mun' gang home the while, but I'll be quickly back again, d'ye see.

Mort. Do so, my friend; and hark'e, tell your lord, I beg half an hours conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Colin. I shall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I cross'd upon a gentleman of no vulgar presence, and considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart could wish.

Mort. Why that accounts for it. Well, what of him?

Colin. With your leave, Maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you: he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himsall; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray Heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. [*Exit.*

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, sir, is welcome; I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you set upon them.

Mort. True, sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does an hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper: the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating and betraying, that their case is desperate: no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. Well, sir, with such good store of mental provison about you, you may stand out a siege against society; your books are companions you never can be tired of.

Mort. Why truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors would be; I can bear them on my shelves, though I should be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason.—But I'm taking up your

time; the honest Scotchman, who announced you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions would annoy, whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me? 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me the happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think

I would betray a trust, a sacred trust: she's a ward of virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression I protect Miss Aubrey—who are you that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue; it must take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why?

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injured girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have, under Providence, preserved my child; whilst Bridgemore, whom I raised from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O, mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah, sir, you feel the villany of man in every vein; I am more practised, and behold it only with a sigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate

particulars of my death; in which case it is clear he means to sink a capital consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

Enter TYRREL *hastily.*

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees——what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in such haste?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happiness in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I desire you will not stir; let him make his request; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never hesitate.

Tyr. What can I ask of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miss Aubrey mine.

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive your pretensions to Miss Aubrey? Tell me in presence of this gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet, if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified withall by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you shall know, sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of

fortune,—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allowed me, sir, to talk of love; openly beneath your eye I have solicited Miss Aubrey's consent, and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I should hope, though fortune has not favoured us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature!—While you enjoy its rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and should it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided, but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and was I he, I never would consent to your alliance, with Miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me, that you love money more than beauty, generosity, or honour.

Aub. But is your lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her;—I'm in earnest. Upon my

honour, nephew, till you have gained this gentleman's consent, you never can have mine;—so go your way and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh, if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand them! [*Exit.*

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it possesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance of a virtuous conduct in my child: —Indeed, sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush; and, if he holds his course, he may take one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death.——But see, sir, here your daughter comes.

Enter TYRREL, *introducing Miss* AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obeyed; you see the lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder!—'Tis her mother's image!—Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her; your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for? Is your uncle angry? How have I offended?——

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks;—'tis she herself,— it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me:—Ask him if he knows me.

Tyr. Sir, if you know this lady—if you have any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness;—Oh, that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear!—You was my father's friend!—The prayer and intercession of an orphan draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself—be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this: I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, thro' toil and peril, thro' sickness and through sorrow, Heaven has graciously preserved, and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did not I tell you this?—Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings ter-

minate this moment; you may now give way to love and happiness: you have a father living, who approves you passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, speaks to you, embraces you. [*Embraces her.*

Mort. There, there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both.

Tyr. See how her colour flies——she'll faint.

Aub. What have I done?—Dear innocent, look up.

Hug. Oh, yes, to Heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements.——I have a father then at last!——Pardon my tears; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing else!—but look, she changes again.——Help me to lead her into the air. [Tyr. *and* Aub. *leads her out.*

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us.——Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of Heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprise:—let others call this the weakness of our nature; to me it proves the unworthiness: for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means would not be wanting to enjoy it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's *House. Enter Lord* ABBERVILLE *followed by* COLIN.

Lord Abberville.

'SDEATH, sir! Am I or you the master of this house? Who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The gentlemen you excluded came by my special invitation and appointment.

Colin. Gentlemen!

Lord Abb. Ay, gentlemen. Were they not such?

Colin. Under favour, I took them to be sharpers: I know your lordship always loses, and I've notic'd that they always win.

Lord Abb. Impertinence!—I had debts of honour to adjust with every one of them.

Colin. Hang 'em, base vermin: pay them debts!—pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honour. [*Half aside.*

Lord Abb. What is it you mutter?—It was you too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Colin. That's true enow, gude faith; I promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

Lord Abb. Rascal, thou'rt born to be my plague.

Colin. Rascal! Your father never used that word.

Lord Abb. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them. Shall I

keep a servant in my house to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expose me in the moments of my weakness to that snarling humourist?—I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that. [*Exit.*

Colin. Well, well; 'tis very well:—A rascal!—Let it pass—Zooks, I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word and kept my dirk within my girdle.—Let it pass.——I've seen the world, serv'd a spendthrift, heard myself called rascal, and I'll now jog back again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred in the isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Ah! dere he stand, le pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha, ha, ha! quelle spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one little vord wid him at parting.——Monsieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my lord have sign your lettre de cachet: vat of dat? the air of Scotland will be for your healt; England is not a country for les beaux esprits; de pure air of de Highlands will give you de grand appetit for de bonny clabber.

Colin. Take your jest, Maister Frenchman, at my countrymen and welcome;—the de'il a jest they made of you last war. [*Exit.*

La Jeu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in MORTIMER'S *House. Enter* MORTIMER, AUBREY, *and* NAPTHALI.

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping; your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest. [Mort. *looks over his papers.*

Napth. Aubrey! is your name Aubrey, may I ask?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my cost.

Napth. Did you consign him merchandize from Scanderoon?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly?

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub. I take for granted he would gladly have me so ——But do you know any thing of that consignment?

Napth. Heh! do I know of it?—I had better make a friend of him;—'tis up with Bridgemore, fait;—there is no senses in serving him any longer. [*Aside.*] ——Why, you shall know, sir, I was Bridgemore's

broker for your merchandize: here is the abstract of the net proceeds.

[*Gives a paper to* Aub. *who peruses it some time.*

Mort. That's lucky, as I live:—I see an honest man never can want weapons to defeat a knave.——And, pray, sir, what might be your profit on this sale; double commission for a breach of trust—that is the rule of trade, I think.

Napth. I work as others;—I do nothing below market-price.

Mort. You're right, sir; 'twould be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap.——But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.——Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me; I'm pretty well accustom'd to their dealings. [*Exit with* Napth.

Enter Dr. DRUID.

Dr. Druid. Save you, sir, save you; is it true I pray you, that a learned gentleman, a traveller, but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. Druid. May he be seen, good now? May he be talked with? What has he brought home? Is he well stored with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, sir, indifferent well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks from the ruins

of antient Babylon, a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. Druid. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh, sir, mere ballast.

Dr. Druid. Ballast indeed; and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building; the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving: in short, Doctor, he has no taste for these trifles; he has made the human heart his study; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. Druid. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'ye see, what you have said about my putterflies; 'tis upon my memory; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the world, you'll find it a tough task; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle; how will that light them, who travel in the night? Away with such philosophers, here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't.

Enter COLIN.

So, Colin, what's the news with you? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Colin. Troth, sir, no mighty matter; only Laird

Abberville has turned away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honour grete gude will.

Mort. What is't you tell me? Is my Lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him?

Dr. Druid. By this coot light, and that is well remembered; look'e, I got your wages: come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Excuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. Druid. No wages? Why 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't: you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one else.

Colin. Like enow, but by my sol I'll touch na siller; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna merited, Heaven knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Colin. Saving your presence, it ha' pleas'd my Laird to say, I am a rascal; but I'll na wear a rascal's wages in a Scotish pouch: de'il o' my soul, I'd sooner eat my stroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou would'st, but wait a while with patience; this rash young man's affairs press to a crisis; I have yet one effort more to make, which if it fails I shall take leave of him as well as you.

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. Lord Abberville, sir, desires to speak with you.

Mort. That's well, Colin, go you with honest Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our studies in

this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your philosophy may furnish harmless ones to fill their place: make haste, make haste, here comes the Bridgemores. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant, introducing BRIDGEMORE, *his Wife and Daughter.*

Serv. Please to walk in here; my master will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e, friend, I expected to meet a stranger: a Gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such a one?

Serv. He is now in the house.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old surly-boots we could well spare his company; 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. Bridge. Thank Heaven, he is a man one seldom meets; I little thought of ever setting foot in his house: I hope the savage won't grow ceremonious and return the visit.

Luc. Unless he brings his nephew in his hand.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand——

Bridge. True, sir, but death you know is common

to all men; I look'd to meet a Gentleman here—this is all lost time.

Mort. True: therefore, before he comes, let us fill it up with something more material: I have a business to propose to you, which I consider as my own. You must know, sir, I've a nephew——

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel, I suppose?

Mort. The same.

Mrs. Bridge. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commission.

Luc. La, ma'am, you put me into such a flutter—

Mort. There is a certain Lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occasion, you must father.

Bridge. How tedious he is! Cou'dn't he as well have nam'd my daughter?—Well, sir, what are your expectations from that lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily supply: I know no good thing she stands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge. Well, and who doubts but on a proper occasion I shall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, Lord Abberville, will just suffice: I think the sum was forty thousand pounds.

Bridge. Why you speak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my custom; I abominate long sleepy processes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your

bounty—besides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet scarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much mistaken.

Mrs. Bridge. Why really, Mr. Mortimer, the parties should at least be suffer'd to consult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em speak for themselves: 'tis their own cause, and they will plead it best: hark'e, come in: sir, these are the parties.

Enter TYRREL *and* MISS AUBREY.

Luc. Ah!

Mort. What ails you; have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. Bridge. Astonishing assurance! Augusta here?

Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Augusta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties, are they not well-match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. Who shall forbid their union?

Luc. Who cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the lady are agreed, that's enough: I suppose it is not necessary for us to be present at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, sir, I pray you, where's the occasion for us to be call'd in, because your nephew chooses to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue: let conscience keep you silent.

Aug. Hush, hush! you frighten me; pray be compos'd; and let me own that no injustice, no severity

can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his past protection, and that share of education he allowed me; but when he puts this to the account of charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the shame that's falling on him.

Mr. Bridge. Is the man thunder-struck; why don't you answer?

Mort. Charity keeps him silent.

Luc. Come, let's begone: her words have daggers in 'em, and her looks have poison.

Aug. Before you go, Miss Bridgemore, suffer me to ask, when you related Lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you supress'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber?

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an answer to that question.

[*Exit with Mrs.* Bridge.

Mort. Hold; you and I, sir, must not part.

[*To* Bridge. *as he is going.*

Bridge. Well, sir, your pleasure?

Aug. I suffer for him; this is a scene I wish not to be present at. [*Exit.*

Tyr. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Augusta upon charity, I shall leave my uncle to discharge my obligations to you on that score, together with his own. [*Exit.*

Mort. Well, sir, we're now alone; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man:

let it be so: you shall have justice notwithstanding: innocence requires no more. You are accus'd; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accus'd of what; and who is my accuser?

Mort. A man; and you shall face him like a man. Who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire the stranger to come hither. [*Exit Servant.*] Fear nothing; we're enough to try this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to Heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say that your pretensions to charity are false: nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and level'd at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. We shall try that. [*Aside.*] Do you know this gentleman?

Enter AUBREY.

Bridge. Aubrey! [*Starting.*]

Aub. Thou wretch!

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion——Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak sycon of a noble stock, was it to rob me you received her; to plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her,

and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepan'd! How shall I look my wife and daughter in the face! [*Aside.*

Aub. Where have you lodged the money I deposited with you at parting? I find my daughter destitute: what have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses when a man pleads guilty.

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY *and throws herself on her knees to her Father.*

Aug. Dear sir, upon my knees, I do beseech you mitigate your severity; it is my first petition; he's detected, let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. Rise my beloved child, it shall be so. There, sir, your pardon be your punishment; it was my money only you attempted; my choicest treasure you have left untouch'd: now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you: learn of you fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for

ever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to settle with you; you're a creditor of Lord Abberville's: I find you've put Miss Aubrey's money to extraordinary interest: Jarvis, shew this gentleman into my library; you'll find a lawyer there will settle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already—A fine visit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I shall meet at home. [*Exit.*

Aub. So! This uneasy business past, let us now turn to happiness: where is your nephew?

Mort. Conferring with Lord Abberville.

Aug. Lord Abberville! You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep incision has let out the disorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in short I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to set this ricketty babe of quality upon his legs—Oh, here he comes; why this is as it should be; now you look like friends.

Lord ABBERVILLE *and Mr.* TYRREL.

Lord Abb. May we be ever so! O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon that lady; your reproofs I bore with some composure; but methinks was she to chide me, I should sink with shame.

Aug. You've nothing, my Lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I should be loth to give an interruption to your happiness in the height of my own.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Augusta——In the hope that I was labouring for thy sake, and in thy person that I should restore the prostrate fortunes of an ancient house, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with success, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondest hope could represent; but past experience makes me provident: I would secure my treasure; I would bestow it now in faithful hands—What say you, sir, will you accept the charge?

[*To* Tyr.

Tyr. Yes, and will bear it ever in my sight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What says my child, my dear Augusta? But I read her looks——Blest be you both!

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

Lord Abb. O, Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; yours is the road to happiness: I have been lost in error, but I shall trace your steps, and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why, that's well said; there spoke your fa-

ther from within you: now begone; fly to the altars of your country lares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason why you was a gamester.

Lord Abb. I've been a madman; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod; our plan must stop without his help; I'm but a projector, he must execute—but there likewise I can serve you.

Lord Abb. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee!

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults; I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

Enter Dr. DRUID *hastily, followed by* COLIN.

Dr. Druid. Tutor me truly—talk to me! Pray, gentlemens, bear witness: is Master Colin here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Colin. Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen, that lectures twice a week in oratory at the Seven Dials? and does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine awn, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam?

Dr. Druid. Bear witness; that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do: there is not one amongst us, Doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer.

Lord Abb. Colin, I've done you wrong: but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find henceforward I will be a better master.

Colin. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yoursall na more than I shall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I must apologize to Colin too; like my Lord Abberville, I was not myself when I rebuff'd you on the business of Miss Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, Maister Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to resent the pertness of a cheeld, or the petulance of a lover.

Aug. But what shall I say to him? Where shall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty sav'd.

Lord Abb. Hold, sir; in point of obligation, I stand first. By how much there is more disgrace in doing than in suffering a violence, by so much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod, and that is true enew; Heaven sends misfortunes, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. Druid. Well, Master Colin, all is past and

over; you have got your place again, and all is well Coot now, let me admonish you for the future to b quiet and hear reason; moderate your choler an your passions and your partialities: it is not for clown like you to prattle and dispute with me; fait you should know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that should know better; in this poor Highlander, the force of pre judice has some plea, because he is a clown; bu you, a citizen that should be of the world, whos heart, philosophy and travel might have open'd should know better than to join the cry with thos whose charity, like the limitation of a brief, stop short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond th Tweed: by Heaven, I'd rather weed out one such un manly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen than add another Indies to their empire.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
Ye, whom the nuptial deity has tied
In silken fetters, will ye not impart
For pity's sake, some portion of your art
To a mere novice, and prescribe some plan
How you would have me live with my good man?

Tell me, if I should give each passing hour
To love of pleasure or to love of power;
If with the fatal thirst of desperate play
I should turn day to night and night to day:
Had I the faculty to make a prize
Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
Say are these objects worth my serious aim;
Do they give happiness, or health, or fame?
Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force
To deprecate the demons of divorce?

Speak, my advisers, shall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapon that proud sex defies
And sets up a new female paradise?

Lights for the ladies! Hark, the bar-bells sound!
Shew to the club-room—See the glass goes round—
Hail happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domestic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.

In these gay scenes shall I affect to move,
Or pass my hours in dull domestic love?
Shall I to rural solitudes descend,
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend;
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brightest heathen goddess there?
Where shall I fix? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my husband, or Soho?
With eyes half open'd and an aching head,
And ev'n the artificial roses dead,
When to my toilette's morning task resign'd,
What visitations then may seize my mind!

Save me, just Heaven, from such a painful life,
And make me an unfashionable wife!

THE END.

THE

SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

A

COMEDY,

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC XCIII.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

MONSIEUR DE FONTENELLE,

THIS COMEDY IS INSCRIBED

BY A LOVER OF SIMPLICITY,

THE AUTHOR.

THIS Play may be considered as the model of the sentimental branch of the modern Comedy. The characters are all distinguished by elegance of sentiment, purity of expression, and propriety of manners.

Forcible, however, as a drama, it is not; the want of those necessary ingredients, Wit and Humour, will perhaps for ever confine it to the perusal of the closet.

Perhaps in few instances have the qualities of an author been reflected with greater truth upon his works than those of WHITEHEAD in the present play—it is distinguishable for calm, gentlemanly life, for unforced incidents, for situation no way forcible; recommended only by the decorum which sustains it.

Its original representation we did not witness; and the Stage of our own time would not easily bear its even elegant terseness of dialogue, without an infusion of Comic situation, and risible sallies of pleasantry. *The School for Lovers* is a production *sui generis*; another so exclusively serious, that professes to be a Comedy, we know not—yet it may be frequently read by the most fastidious; and never surely without considerable pleasure.—The memory of its author has been honourably cherished by MASON in a biography that deserves to live; not merely as a model of chaste composition, but of sincere and literary friendship, rarely met with among the *genus irritabile*.

PROLOGUE.

As it was intended to have been spoken.

SUCCESS makes people vain.—The maxim's true.—
We all confess it——and not over new.
The veriest clown who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grav' cit he meets,
Some twelvemonths hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

Not so our Bard—tho' twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause:
He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.
Plain Tragedy, his first adventurous care,
Spoke to your hearts, and found an echo there.
Plain Comedy to-night, with strokes refin'd,
Would catch the coyest features of the mind:
Would play politely with your hopes and fears;
And sometimes smiles provoke, and sometimes tears.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more:
Alas! our Author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules.

Form'd on the classic scale his structures rise;
He shifts no scenes to dazzle and surprise.
In one poor garden's solitary grove,
Like the primæval pair, his lovers rove:
And in due time will each transaction pass;
—Unless some hasty critic shakes the glass.

PROLOGUE.

As it was spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—The maxim's true.—
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets;
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May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm ye more:
Alas! our Author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules:
He shifts no scenes—But here I stop'd him short—
Not change your scenes! said I—I'm sorry for't:
My constant friends above, around, below,
Have English tastes, and love both change and shew:

Without such aid, even Shakspere would be flat—
Our crouded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager transport stares from every eye,
When pullies rattle, and our Genii fly!
When tin cascades like falling waters gleam;
Or through the canvas—bursts the real stream:
While thirsty Islington laments in vain,
Half her New River roll'd to Drury-Lane.

Lord, sir, said I, for gallery, boxes, pit;
I'll back my Harlequin against your wit—
Yet still the Author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—What will the critics say?
As usual, sir, abuse you all they can—
And what the ladies?—He's a charming man!
A charming piece!—One scarce knows what it means:—
But that's no matter——where there's such sweet scenes!
*Still he persists:—and let him:—*entre nous—
I know your taste; and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:—
Write as he will; we'll act it as you please.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SIR JOHN DORILANT, *a Man of nice Honour, Guardian to* Cælia, - - - - - - - - Mr. Garrick.

MODELY, BELMOUR, } *Men of the Town,* - - - { Mr. Palmer. Mr. O'brien.

An old Steward to Sir John Dorilant, - - - Mr. Castle.

Footman to Sir John Dorilant. - - - - - Mr. Fox.

Women.

LADY BEVERLEY, *a Widow Lady, Mother to* Cælia, - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Clive.

CÆLIA, *Daughter to Lady* Beverley, *and Ward to* Sir John, - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Cibber.

ARAMINTA, *Sister to* Sir John Dorilant, - - Mrs. Yates.

SCENE, *a Garden belonging to Sir John Dorilant's House in the Country, with an Arbour, Garden-chairs, &c.*

THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden. Enter ARAMINTA *with an affected Carelessness, and Knotting.*—MODELY *following.*

Modely.

BUT madam!

Ara. But sir! what can possibly have alarmed you thus? You see me quite unconcerned. I only tell you in a plain, simple, narrative manner——(this plaguy thread)——and merely by way of conversation, that you are in love with Cælia; and where is the mighty harm in all this?

Mod. The harm in it, madam!—have I not told you a thousand and a thousand times, that you were the only woman who could possibly make me happy?

Ara. Why, aye, to be sure you have, and sworn a thousand and a thousand oaths to confirm that assertion.

Mod. And am not I here now expressly to marry you?

Ara. Why that too is true——but——you are in love with Cælia.

Mod. Bless me, madam, what can I say to you? If it had not been for my attendance upon you, I had never known Cælia or her mother either—though they are both my relations. The mother has since indeed put some kind of confidence in me—she is a widow, you know———

Ara. And wants consolation! The poor orphan too, her daughter!—Well, charity is an excellent virtue. I never considered it in that light before.—You are vastly charitable, Mr. Modely.

Mod. It is impossible to talk with you.——If you will not do me justice, do it to yourself at least. Is there any comparison betwixt you and Cælia? Could any man of sense hesitate a moment? She has yet no character. One does not know what she is, or what she will be; a chit—a green girl of fourteen or fifteen.

Ara. Seventeen at least.———(I cannot undo this knot.)———

Mod. Well, let her be seventeen. Would any man of judgment attach himself to a girl of that age? O'my soul, if one was to make love to her, she would hardly understand what one meant.

Ara. Girls are not quite so ignorant as you may imagine, Mr. Modely; Cælia will understand you, take my word for it, and does understand you. As

to your men of judgment and sense, here is my brother now;—I take him to be full as reasonable as yourself, and somewhat older; and yet, with all his philosophy, he has brought himself to a determination at last, to fulfil the father's will, and marry this green girl. I am sorry to tell you so, Mr. Modely, but he will certainly marry her.

Mod. Let him marry her. I should perhaps do it myself, if I was in his place. He was an intimate friend of her father's. She is a great fortune, and was given to him by will. But do you imagine, my dear Araminta, that if he was left to his own choice, without any bias, he would not rather have a woman nearer his own years? He might almost be her father.

Ara. That is true. But you will find it difficult to persuade me, that youth in a woman is so insurmountable an objection. I fancy, Mr. Modely, it may be got over. Suppose I leave you to think of it.—(I cannot get this right.)— [*Going.*

Mod. Stay, dear Araminta, why will you plague me thus? Your own charms, my earnestness, might prove to you—

Ara. I tell you I don't want proofs.

Mod. Well, well, you shall have none then. But give me leave to hope, since you have done me the honour to be a little uneasy on my account—

Ara. Uneasy!—I uneasy! What does the man mean?—I was a little concerned indeed to give you uneasiness by informing you of my brother's intend-

ed marriage with Cælia. But—(this shuttle bends so abominably.)

Mod. Thou perplexing tyrant! Nay, you shall not go.—May I continue to adore you? you must not forbid me that.

Ara. For my part, I neither command nor forbid any thing. Only this I would have you remember, I have quick eyes. Your servant.—(I wish this knotting had never come in fashion.) [*Exit* Ara.

Mod. Quick eyes indeed! I thought my cunning here had been a master-piece. The girl cannot have told sure! and the mother is entirely on my side. They certainly were those inquisitive eyes she speaks of, which have found out this secret.—Well, I must be more cautious for the future, and act the lover to Araminta ten times stronger than ever.—One would not give her up till one was sure of succeeding in the other place.

Enter BELMOUR *from behind, with a book in his hand.*

Bel. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Modely!

Mod. [*Starting.*] Belmour!—how the deuce came you here?

Bel. How came I here!—How came you here, if you come to that? A man can't retire from the noise and bustle of the world, to admire the beauties of the spring, and read pastoral in an arbour, but impertinent lovers must disturb his meditations.—Thou art the errantest hypocrite, Modely—

[*Throwing away the book.*

Mod. Hypocrite!—My dear friend, we men of gallantry must be so.—But have a care, we may have other listeners for aught I know, who may not be so proper for confidants. [*Looking about.*

Bel. You may be easy on that head. We have the garden to ourselves. The widow and her daughter are just gone in, and Sir John is busy with his steward.

Mod. The widow, and her daughter! Why, were they in the garden?

Bel. They just came into it; but upon seeing you and Araminta together, they turned back again.

Mod. On seeing me and Araminta! I hope I have no jealousies there too. However, I am glad Cælia knows I am in the garden, because it may probably induce her to fall in my way—by chance you know, and give me an opportunity of talking to her.

Bel. Do you think she likes you?

Mod. She does not know what she does.

Bel. Do you like her?

Mod. Why, faith, I think I do.

Bel. Why then do you pursue your affair with Araminta; and not find some honourable means of breaking off with her?

Mod. That might not be quite so expedient. I think Araminta the finest woman, and Cælia the prettiest girl I know. Now they are both good fortunes, and one of them I am resolved to have, but which——

Bel. Your great wisdom has not yet determined. Thou art undoubtedly the vainest fellow living.—

I thought you brought me down here now to your wedding?

Mod. 'Egad I thought so too; but this plaguy little rustic has disconcerted all my schemes. Sir John, you know, by her father's will, may marry her if he pleases, and she forfeits her estate if she marries any one else.—Now I am contriving to bring it about, that I may get her, and her fortune too.

Bel. A very likely business, truly. So you modestly expect that Sir John Dorilant should give up his mistress, and then throw her fortune into the bargain, as an additional reward to the obliging man who has seduced her from him.

Mod. Hum! why, I don't expect quite that. But you know, Belmour, he is a man of honour, and would not force her inclinations, tho' he loved her to distraction.——Come, come, he is quite a different creature from what you and I are.

Bel. Speak for yourself, good sir; yet why should you imagine that her inclinations are not as likely to fix upon him as you? He has a good person, and is scarce older than yourself.

Mod. That shews your ignorance; I am ten years younger than he is. My dress, and the company I keep, give a youth and vivacity to me, which he must always want. An't I a man of the town? O that town, Belmour! Could I but have met these ladies there, I had done the business.

Bel. Were they never there?

Mod. Never.—Sir Harry Beverley, the father of

this girl, lived always in the country, and divided his time between his books and his hounds. His wife and daughter seldom mixed with people of their own rank, but at a horse-race, or a rural visit. And see the effects! The girl, though she is naturally genteel, has an air of simplicity.

Bel. But does not want sense.

Mod. No, no!—She has a devilish deal of that kind of sense, which is acquired by early reading. I have heard her talk occasionally, like a queen in a tragedy; or at least like a sentimental lady in a comedy, much above your misses of thirty in town, I assure you.——As to the mother——but she is a character, and explains herself.

Bel. Yes, yes, I have read her. But pray how came it to pass, that the father, who was of a different way of thinking in regard to party, should have left Sir John guardian to his daughter, with the additional clause too, of her being obliged to marry him?

Mod. Why, that is somewhat surprising. But the truth of the case was, they were thoroughly acquainted, and each considered party as the foible of the other. Sir Harry thought a good husband his daughter's best security for happiness; and he knew it was impossible Sir John Dorilant should prove a bad one.

Bel. And yet this prospect of happiness would you destroy.

Mod. No, no; I only see farther than Sir Harry did, and would encrease that happiness, by giving her a better husband.

Bel. O! your humble servant, sir.

Mod. Besides, the mother is entirely in my interest, and by the bye has a hankering after Sir John herself. "He is a sober man, and should have a "woman of discretion for his wife; not a hoyden-"ing girl."——'Egad, Belmour, suppose you attacked the widow? The woman is young enough, and has an excellent jointure.

Bel. And so become your father-in-law.

Mod. You will have an admirable opportunity to-night: we are to have the fiddles, you know, and you may dance with her.

When music softens, and when dancing fires!

Eh! Belmour!

Bel. You are vastly kind to Sir John, and would ease him I find of both his mistresses. But suppose this man of honour should be fool enough to resign his mistress, may not another kind of honour oblige him to run you through the body for deserting his sister?

Mod. Why, faith, it may. However it is not the first duel I have fought on such an occasion, so I am his man. Not that it is impossible but he may have scruples there too.

Bel. You don't think him a coward?

Mod. I know he is not. But your reasoning men

have strange distinctions. They are quite different creatures, as I told you, from you and me.

Bel. You are pleased to compliment. But suppose now, as irrational as you think me, I should find out a means to make this whole affair easy to you?

Mod. How do you mean?

Bel. Not by attacking the widow, but by making my addresses in good earnest to Araminta.

Mod. I forbid that absolutely.

Bel. What, do you think it possible I should succeed after the accomplished Mr. Modely?

Mod. Why, faith, between you and me, I think not; but I don't choose to hazard it.

Bel. Then you love her still?

Mod. I confess it.

Bel. And it is nothing upon earth but that insatiable vanity of yours, with a little tincture of avarice, that leads you a gadding thus?

Mod. I plead guilty. But, be it as it will, I am determined to pursue my point. And see where the little rogue comes most opportunely. I told you she would be here. Go, go, Belmour—you must not listen to all my love-scenes. [*Exit* Bel.] Now for a serious face, a little upon the tragic; young girls are mighty fond of despairing lovers.

Enter CÆLIA.

Cælia. [*With an affected surprise.*] Mr. Modely!—— are you here?——I am come to meet my mamma—— I did not think to meet you here.

Mod. Are you sorry to find me here, madam?

Cælia. Why should I be sorry, Mr. Modely?

Mod. May I hope you are pleased with it?

Cælia. I have no dislike to company.

Mod. But is all company alike? Surely one would choose one's companions. Would it have been the same thing to you, if you had met Sir John Dorilant here?

Cælia. I should be very ungrateful if I did not like Sir John Dorilant's company. I am sure I have all the obligations in the world to him, and so had my poor papa. [*Sighing.*

Mod. Whatever were your papa's obligations, his gratitude I am sure was unbounded.——O that I had been his friend!

Cælia. Why should you wish that, Mr. Modely?—You would have had a great loss in him.

Mod. I believe I should. But I might likewise have had a consolation for that loss, which would have contained in it all earthly happiness.

Cælia. I don't understand you.

Mod. He might have left his Cælia to me.

Cælia. Dear, how you talk!

Mod. Talk, madam!——O I could talk for ever, would you but listen to my heart's soft language, nor cruelly affect to disbelieve when I declare I love you.

Cælia. Love *me*, Mr. Modely?——Are you not in love with Araminta?

Mod. I once thought I was.

Cælia. And do lovers ever change?

Mod. Not those who feel a real passion. But there are false alarms in love, which the unpractised heart sometimes mistakes for true ones.

Cælia. And were yours such for Araminta?

Mod. Alas! I feel they were. [*Looking earnestly at her.*

Cælia. You don't intend to marry her then, I hope?

Mod. Do you hope I should not marry her?

Cælia. To be sure I do. I would not have the poor lady deceived, and I would willingly have a better opinion of Mr. Modely than to believe him capable of making false protestations.

Mod. To you he never could.

Cælia. To me?—I am out of the question.——But I am sorry for Araminta, for I believe she loves you.

Mod. If you can pity those who love in vain, why am not I an object of compassion?

Cælia. Dear Mr. Modely, why will you talk thus? My hand, you know is destined to Sir John Dorilant, and my duty there does not even permit me to think of other lovers.

Mod. Happy, happy man! Yet give me leave to ask one question, madam.——I dread to do it, though my last glimpse of happiness depends upon your answer.

Cælia. What question?—Nay, pray speak, I intreat it of you.

Mod. Then tell me, lovely Cælia, sincerely tell me, were your choice left free, and did it depend upon you

only to determine who should be the master of your affections, might I expect one favourable thought?

Cælia. [*After some hesitation.*] It—it does not depend upon me.

Mod. I know it does not, but if it did?

Cælia. Come, come, Mr. Modely, I cannot talk upon this subject. Impossibilities are impossibilities. —But I hope you will acquaint Araminta instantly with this change in your inclinations.

Mod. I would do it, but dare not.

Cælia. You should break it first to Sir John.

Mod. My difficulty does not lie in the breaking it; but if I confess my passion at an end, I must no longer expect admittance into this family, and I could still wish to talk to Cælia as a friend.

Cælia. Indeed, Mr. Modely, I should be loth myself to lose your acquaintance; but—O here comes my mamma, she may put you in a method.

Enter Lady BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. In any method, my dear, which decency and reserve will permit. Your servant, cousin Modely. What, your are talking strangely to this girl now?—O you men!

Mod. Your ladyship knows the sincerity of my passion here.

Cælia. [*With surprise.*] Knows your sincerity?

L. Bev. Well, well, what signifies what I know?—You were mentioning some method I was to put you in.

Cælia. Mr. Modely, madam, has been confessing to me that he no longer loves Araminta.

L. Bev. Hum!—why, such things may happen, child. We are not all able to govern our affections. But I hope if he breaks off with her, he will do it with decency.

Mod. That, madam, is the difficulty.

L. Bev. What!——Is it a difficulty to be decent? Fie, fie, Mr. Modely.

Mod. Far be it from me even to think so, madam, before a person of your ladyship's reserved behaviour. But considering how far I have gone in the affair——

L. Bel. Well, well, if that be all, I may perhaps help you out, and break it to Sir John myself—Not that I approve of roving affections, I assure you.

Mod. You bind me ever to you.—But there is another cause which you alone can promote, and on which my eternal happiness———

L. Bev. Leave us—leave us, cousin Modely. I must not hear you talk in this extravagant manner.—[*Pushing him towards the scene, and then aside to him.*] I shall bring it about better in your absence. Go, go, man, go. [*Exit* Mod.] A pretty kind of fellow really.——Now, Cælia; come nearer child; I have something of importance to say to you.—What do you think of that gentleman?

Cælia. Of Mr. Modely, madam?

L. Bev. Ay, Mr. Modely, my cousin Modely.

Cælia. Think of him, madam?

L. Bev. Ay, think of him, child; you are old enough to think sure, after the education I have given you. Well, what answer do you make?

Cælia. I really don't understand your ladyship's question.

L. Bev. Not understand me, child? Why, I ask you how you like Mr. Modely? What you should think of him as a husband?

Cælia. Mr. Modely as a husband! Why surely, madam, Sir John———

L. Bev. Fiddlefaddle Sir John; Sir John knows better things than to plague himself with a wife in leading-strings.

Cælia. Is your ladyship sure of that?

L. Bev. O ho! would you be glad to have me sure of it?

Cælia. I don't know what I should be glad of. I would not give Sir John a moment's pain to be mistress of the whole world.

L. Bev. But if it should be brought about without giving him pain. Hey! Cælia——

[*Patting her cheek with her fan.*

Cælia. I should be sorry for it.

L. Bev. Heyday!

Cælia. For then he must think lightly of me.

L. Bev. What does the girl mean? Come, come, I must enter roundly into this affair. Here, here, sit down, and tell me plainly and honestly, without equivocation or reservation, is Modely indifferent to you? Nay, nay,—look me in the face; turn your eyes towards me. One judges greatly by the eyes, especially in women. Your poor papa used to say that my eyes reasoned better than my tongue.——Well, and now tell me without blushing, is Modely indifferent to you?

Cælia. I fear he is not, madam, and it is that which perplexes me.

L. Bev. How do you feel when you meet him?

Cælia. Fluttered.

L. Bev. Hum! while you are with him?

Cælia. Fluttered.

L. Bel. Hum! When you leave him?

Cælia. Fluttered still.

L. Bev. Strong symptoms truly!

Cælia. When Sir John Dorilant talks to me, my heart is softened, but not perplexed. My esteem, my gratitude overflows towards him. I consider him as a kind father, with all the tenderness without the authority.

L. Bev. But when Mr. Modely talks?

Cælia. My tranquillity of mind is gone, I am pleased with hearing what I doubt is flattery, and when he grasps my hand——

L. Bev. Well, well, I know all that.—Be decent, child.——You need say no more, Mr. Modely is the man. [*Rising.*

Cælia. But, dear madam, there are a thousand obstacles.——I am afraid Sir John loves me; I am sure he esteems me, and I would not forfeit his esteem for the universe. I am certain I can make him an affectionate and an humble wife, and I think I can forget Mr. Modely.

L. Bev. Forget a fiddle! Don't talk to me of forgetting. I order you on your duty not to forget. Mr. Modely is, and shall be the man. You may trust

my prudence for bringing it about. I will talk with Sir John instantly. I know what you are going to say, but I will not hear a word of it. Can you imagine, Cælia, that I shall do any thing but with the utmost decency and decorum?

Cælia. I know you will not, madam; but there are delicacies——

L. Bev. With which I am unacquainted to be sure, and my daughter must instruct me in them. Pray, Cælia, where did you learn this nicety of sentiments? Who was it that inspired them?

Cælia. But the maxims of the world——

L. Bev. Are altered, I suppose, since I was of your age. Poor thing, what world hast thou seen? Notwithstanding your delicacies and your maxims, Sir John perhaps may be wiser than you imagine, and choose a wife of somewhat more experience.

Cælia. May he be happy wherever he chooses—— But, dear madam——

L. Bev. Again? don't make me angry. I will positively not be instructed. Ay, you may well blush. ——Nay, no tears.—Come, come, Cælia, I forgive you. I had idle delicacies myself once. Lard! I remember when your poor papa—he, he, he—but we have no time for old stories. What would you say now if Sir John himself should propose it, and persuade the match; and yet continue as much your friend as ever, nay become more so, a nearer friend?

Cælia. In such a case, madam——

L. Bev. I understand you, and will about it in-

stantly. B'ye Cælia; O how its little heart flutters! [*Exit L.* Bev.

Cælia. It does indeed. A nearer friend? I hardly know whether I should wish her success or not——Sir John is so affectionate. Would I had never seen Mr. Modely!——Araminta too! what will she say?——O I see a thousand bad consequences. I must follow her, and prevent them. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter Lady BEVERLEY *and* MODELY.

Lady Beverley.

PR'YTHEE don't tease me so; I vow, cousin Modely, you are almost as peremptory as my daughter. She truly was teaching me decorum just now, and plaguing me with her delicacies, and her stuff. I tell you, Sir John will be in the garden immediately: this is always his hour of walking; and when he comes, I shall lay the whole affair before him, with all its concatenation of circumstances, and I warrant you bring it about.

Mod. I have no doubt, madam, of the transcendency of your ladyship's rhetoric; it is on that I entirely rely. But I must beg leave to hint, that Araminta already suspects my passion, and should it be openly declared, would undoubtedly prevail that instant with her brother to forbid me the house.

L. Bev. Why, that might be.

Mod. And though I told your daughter I did not care how soon it came to an eclaircissement; yet a woman of your ladyship's penetration and knowledge of the world, must see the necessity of concealing it, at least for a time. I beg pardon for offering what may have even the distant appearance of instruction. But it is Sir John's delicacy which must be principally alarmed with apprehensions of her disregard for him; and I am sure your ladyship's manner of doing it, will shew him where he might much better place his affections, and with an undoubted prospect of happiness.

L. Bev. Ay, now you talk to the purpose.——But stay, is not that Sir John coming this way?——It is I vow, and Araminta with him. We'll turn down this walk, and reason the affair a little more, and then I will come round the garden upon him.

[Modely *takes her hand to lead her out.*

You are very gallant, cousin Modely. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir JOHN DORILANT *and* ARAMINTA.

Ara. What do you drag me into the garden for? We were private enough where we were—and I hate walking.

Sir J. Dor. Forgive me, my dear sister; I am restless every where; my head and heart are full of nothing but this lovely girl.

Ara. My dear, dear brother, you are enough to spoil any woman in the universe. I tell you again and again, the girl is a good girl, an excellent girl, and

will make an admirable wife. You may trust one woman in her commendations of another; we are not apt to be too favourable in our judgments, especially when there is beauty in the case.

Sir J. Dor. You charm me when you talk thus. If she is really all this, how happy must the man be who can engage her affections! But, alas! Araminta, in every thing which regards me, it is duty, not love, which actuates her behaviour. She steals away my very soul by her attentions, but never once expresses that heart-felt tenderness, those sympathetic feelings——

Ara. Ha, ha, ha!——O my stars!——Sympathetic feelings!——Why, would you have a girl of her age have those sympathetic feelings, as you call them! If she had, take my word for it, she would coquet it with half the fellows in town before she had been married a twelvemonth. Besides, Sir John, you don't consider that you was her father's friend; she has been accustomed from her infancy to respect you in that light: and our fathers' friends, you know, are always old people, grey beards, philosophers, enemies to youth, and the destruction of gaiety.

Sir J. Dor. But I was never such.

Ara. You may imagine so; but you always had a grave turn. I hated you once myself.

Sir J. Dor. Dear Araminta!

Ara. I did, as I hope to live; for many a time has your aversion to dancing hindered me from having a fiddle.——By the bye, remember we are to have the fiddles to-night.——But let that pass. As the case

now stands, if I was not already so near akin to you, you have the temper in the world which I should choose in a husband.

Sir J. Dor. That is obliging, however.

Ara. Not so very obliging, perhaps, neither. It would be merely for my own sake; for then would I have the appearance of the most obedient, sympathetic wife in the universe, and yet be as despotic in my government as an eastern monarch. And when I grew tired, as I probably should do, of a want of contradiction, why, I should find an easy remedy for that too—I could break your heart in about a month.

Sir J. Dor. Don't trifle with me; 'tis your serious advice I want; give it me honestly as a friend, and tenderly as a sister.

Ara. Why, I have done it fifty times. What can I say more? If you will have it again, you must. This then it is in plain terms.—But you are sure you are heartily in love with her?

Sir J. Dor. Pshaw!

Ara. Well then, that we will take for granted; and now you want to know what is right and proper for you to do in the case. Why, was I in your place, I should make but short work with it. She knows the circumstances of her father's will; therefore would I go immediately to her, tell her how my heart stood inclined, and hope she had no objections to comply, with what it is not in her power to refuse.

Sir J. Dor. You would not have me talk thus abruptly to her?

Ara. Indeed I would. It will save a world of trouble. She will blush perhaps at first, and look a little awkward (and, by the bye, so will you too); but if she is the girl I take her for, after a little irresolute gesture, and about five minutes conversation, she will drop you a curtesy with the demure humility of a vestal, and tell you it shall be as you and her mamma pleases.

Sir J. Dor. O, that it were come to that!

Ara. And pray what hinders it? Nothing upon earth but your consummate prudence and discretion.

Sir J. Dor. I cannot think of marrying her, till I am sure she loves me.

Ara. Lud, lud!——Why, what does that signify? If she consents, is not that enough?

Sir J. Dor. Her gratitude may induce her to consent, rather than make me unhappy.

Ara. You would absolutely make a woman mad.

Sir J. Dor. Why, could you think of marrying a man who has no regard for you?

Ara. The case is widely different, my good casuistical brother; and perhaps I could not—unless I was very much in love with him.

Sir J. Dor. And could you then?

Ara. Yes, I could—to tell you the truth, I believe I shall.

Sir J. Dor. What do you mean?

Ara. I shall not tell you.——You have business enough of your own upon your hands.

Sir J. Dor. Have you any doubts of Modely?

Ara. I shall keep them to myself, if I have. For you are a wretched counsellor in a love-case.

Sir J. Dor. But dear Araminta———

Ara. But dear Sir John Dorilant, you may make yourself perfectly easy, for you shall positively know nothing of my affairs. As to your own, if you do not instantly resolve to speak to Cælia, I will go and talk to her myself.

Sir J. Dor. Stay, Lady Beverley is coming towards us.

Ara. And has left my swain yonder by himself.

Sir J. Dor. Suppose I break it to her?

Ara. It is not a method which I should advise; but do as you please.—I know that horrid woman's sentiments very exactly, and I shall be glad to have her teased a little. [*Aside.*]——I'll give you an opportunity by leaving you; and so adieu, my dear sentimental brother!

Enter Lady BEVERLEY *and* MODELY.

We'll change partners, if you please, madam.—[*To Lady* Beverley *as she enters. And then exit with* Modely.]

L. Bev. Poor mistaken creature! how fond the thing is!——[*Aside, and looking after* Araminta.]——Your servant, Sir John.

Sir J. Dor. Your ladyship's most obedient.——[*After some irresolute gesture on both sides——Lady* Beverley *speaks.*]

L. Bev. I——I——have wanted an opportunity of speaking to you, Sir John, a great while.

Sir J. Dor. And I, madam, have long had an affair of consequence to propose to your ladyship.

L. Bev. An affair of consequence to me!—O lud! ——will you please to speak, sir.

Sir J. Dor. Not till I have heard your ladyship's commands.

L. Bev. What, must women speak first? Fie, Sir John——[*Looking languishingly.*]——Well then, the matter, in short, is this: I have long been thinking how to dispose of my girl properly. She is grown a woman, you see, and, though I who am her mother say it, has her allurements.

Sir J. Dor. Uncommon ones indeed.

L. Bev. Now I would willingly consult with you how to get her well married, before she is tainted with the indecorums of the world.

Sir J. Dor. It was the very subject which I proposed to speak to you upon.—I am sorry to put your ladyship in mind of a near and dear loss——But you remember Sir Harry's will.

L. Bev. Yes, yes, I remember it very well. Poor man! it was undoubtedly the only weak thing he was ever guilty of.

Sir J. Dor. Madam!

L. Bev. I say, Sir John, we must pardon the failings of our deceased friends. Indeed his affection for his child excuses it.

Sir J. Dor. Excuses it!

L. Bev. Yes indeed does it. His fondness for her might naturally make him wish to place her with a

person of your known excellence of character; for my own part, had I died, I should have wished it myself.—I don't believe you have your equal in the world.——Nay, dear Sir John, 'tis no compliment.—This, I say, might make him not attend to the impropriety of the thing, and the reluctance a gentleman of your good sense and judgment must undoubtedly have to accede to so unsuitable a treaty; especially as he could not but know there were women of discretion in the world, who would be proud of an alliance where the prospect of felicity was so inviting and unquestionable.

Sir J. Dor. [*Who had appeared uneasy all the time she was speaking.*] What women, madam? I know of none.

L. Bev. Sir John!——That is not quite so complaisant, methinks—to our sex, I mean.

Sir J. Dor. I beg your pardon, madam; I hardly know what I say. Your ladyship has disconcerted every thing I was going to propose to you.

L. Bev. Bless me, Sir John!—I disconcerted every thing? How, pray? I have been only talking to you in an open friendly manner, with regard to my daughter; our daughter indeed I might call her, for you have been a father to her. The girl herself always speaks of you as such.

Sir J. Dor. Speaks of me as a father?

L. Bev. Why, more unlikely things have happened, Sir John.

Sir J. Dor. Than what, madam?

L. Bev. Dear Sir John!——You put such peremptory questions; you might easily understand what one meant methinks.

Sir J. Dor. I find, madam, I must speak plain at once.——Know then, my heart, my soul, my every thought of happiness is fixed upon that lovely girl.

L. Bev. O, astonishing! Well, miracles are not ceased, that's certain. But every body, they say, must do a foolish thing once in their lives.——And can you really and sincerely think of putting Sir Harry's will in execution?

Sir J. Dor. Would I could!

L. Bev. To be sure the girl has a fine fortune.

Sir J. Dor. Fortune! I despise it. I would give it with all my soul to any one who could engage me her affections.——Fortune! dirt.

L. Bev. I am thunderstruck!

Sir J. Dor. [*Turning eagerly to her.*] O, madam, tell me, sincerely tell me, what method can I possibly pursue to make her think favourably of me! You know her inmost soul, you know the tender moments of address, the easy avenues to her unpractised heart. Be kind, and point them out.

[*Grasping her hand.*

L. Bev. I vow, Sir John, I don't know what to say to you.——Let go my hand.——You talked of my disconcerting you just now; I am sure you disconcert me with a witness.——[*Aside.*] I did not think the man had so much rapture in him. He squeezed my hand with such an emphasis!—I may gain him perhaps at last.

Sir J. Dor. Why will you not speak, madam? Can you see me on the brink of desperation, and not lend a friendly hand to my assistance?

L. Bev. I have it.—[*Aside.*]——Alas, Sir John, what signifies what I can do! Can I answer for the inclinations of a giddy girl?

Sir J. Dor. You know she is not such; her innocent mind is yet untainted with the follies of her sex. And if a life devoted to her service, without a wish but what regards her happiness, can win her to be mine——

L. Bev. Why, that might go a great way with an unprejudiced mind. But when a first passion has taken place—

Sir J. Dor. [*With amazement.*] What do you mean?

L. Bev. To tell you the truth, I am afraid the girl is not so untainted as you imagine.

Sir J. Dor. You distract me.——How——when ——whom can she have seen?

L. Bev. Undoubtedly there is a man—

Sir J. Dor. Tell me who, that I may——no, that I may give her to him, and make her happy, whatever becomes of me.

L. Bev. That is generous indeed.—So—so. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Dor. But 'tis impossible. I have observed all her motions, all her attentions, with a lover's eye incapable of erring.——Yet stay——has any body written to her?

L. Bev. There are no occasion for letters, when people are in the same house together.

Sir J. Dor. Confusion!

L. Bev. I was going to offer some proposals to you, but your strange declaration stopped me short.

Sir J. Dor. You proposals?——You?——Are you her abetter in the affair? O madam, what unpardonable crime have I committed against you, that you should thus conspire my ruin? Have not I always behaved to you like a friend, a brother?—I will not call you ungrateful.

L. Bev. Mercy on us!—The man raves.—How could it possibly enter into my head, or the girl's either, that you had any serious thoughts of marrying her? But I see you are too much discomposed at present, to admit of calm reasoning. So I shall take some other opportunity.——Friend—brother—ungrateful!—Very fine truly!—I hope, at least, you will not think of forcing the poor girl's inclinations! Ungrateful indeed! [*Exit in a passion.*

Sir J. Dor. Not for the universe—Stay, madam. ——She is gone.——But it is no matter. I am but little disposed for altercation now. Heigh ho!——Good Heaven! can so slight an intersourse have effected all this?—I have scarce ever seen them together. O that I had been born with Belmour's happy talents of address!—Address!——'tis absolute magic, 'tis fascination—Alas! 'tis the rapidity of real passion.——Why did Modely bring him hither to his wedding? Every thing has conspired against me. He brought him; and the delay of the lawyers has kept him here. Had I taken Araminta's advice a poor

fortnight ago, it had not been in the power of fate to have undone me.—And yet she might have seen him afterwards, which would at least have made her duty uneasy to her.—Heigh ho!

Enter ARAMINTA *and* MODELY.

Ara. [*Entering.*] I tell you, I heard them very loud! and I will see what is the matter. O! here is my brother alone.

Sir J. Dor. [*Taking her tenderly by the hand.*] O Araminta!—I am lost beyond redemption.

Ara. Dear brother, what can have happened to you?

Sir J. Dor. [*Turning to* Modely.] Mr. Modely, you could not intend it, but you have ruined me.

Mod. [*Alarmed.*] I, Sir John!

Sir J. Dor. You have brought a friend with you, who has pierced me to the very soul.

Mod. Belmour!

Sir J. Dor. He has stolen my Cælia's affections from me.

Ara. [*Looking slyly at* Modely.] Belmour!

Mod. This must be a mistake, but I'll humour it. [*Aside.*] It cannot be—who can have told you so?

Sir J. Dor. Her mother has been this instant with me to make proposals on the subject.

Mod. For Belmour!

Sir J. Dor. She did not absolutely mention his name, but I could not mistake it. For she told me the favoured lover was under the same roof with us.

Mod. [*A little disconcerted.*] I could not have believed it of him.

Ara. Nor do I yet. [*Looking slyly again at* Modely.

Mod. There must certainly be some mistake in it; at the worst, I am sure I can prevail so far with Belmour, as to make him drop his pretensions.

Sir J. Dor. You cannot make her cease to love him. [*Sighing.*]

Mod. Time may easily get the better of so young a passion.

Sir J. Dor. Never, never; she is too sincere, too delicately sensible.

Mod. Come, come, you must not think so; it is not yet gone so far, but that it may be totally forgotten.—Now for a master-stroke to clench the whole.—[*Aside.*] In the mean time, Sir John, I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that my affair, with Araminta's leave, draws very near a conclusion. The lawyers have finished their papers, and I only now wait for your perusal of them.

Ara. [*Aside.*] Well said!

Mod. I ordered the writings to be laid upon your table.

Ara. [*Aside.*] What does he mean?

Sir J. Dor. Dear Mr. Modely, you shall not wait a moment for me. I will dispatch them instantly. I feel the want of happiness too severely myself, to postpone it in others. I leave you with my sister; when she names the day, you may depend upon my concurrence. [*Exit Sir* J. Dor.

[Mod. *and* Ara. *look at one another for some time, then he speaks.*] I hope, madam, you are now convinced of my sincerity.

Ara. I am absolutely struck dumb with your assurance.

Mod. [*With an affected surprise.*] Madam!

Ara. You cannot mean all this.

Mod. Why not, madam?

Ara. Why, don't you know that I know——

Mod. I cannot help a lady's knowledge or imaginations. All I know is, that it is in your power to make me either the happiest or most miserable man in the whole creation.

Ara. Well, this is astonishing.

Mod. I am sorry, madam, that any unguarded behaviour of mine, any little playful gallantries, should have occasioned surmises, which——

Ara. Serious, as I hope to live.

Mod. Is it not enough to make one serious, when the woman one has pursued for years, almost with adoration, is induced by mere appearances to doubt the honourableness of one's intentions? Have you not heard me this moment apply to your brother, even in the midst of his uneasiness?——I little expected where the difficulty would lie.

Ara. Well, well, poor thing, I won't tease it any longer; here, there, take my hand.

Mod. Duped, by Jupiter.—[*Aside.*] O my everlasting treasure! And when, and when shall I be happy?

Ara. It shall depend upon yourself.

Mod. To-morrow, then, my angel, be the day. O Araminta, I cannot speak my transport!——And did you really think I was in love with Cælia?

Ara. Why, as a proof of my future sincerity, I must confess I did.

Mod. I wonder how you could!

Ara. Come, come, there were grounds enough for a woman in love to go upon.

Mod. [*Taking her by the hand.*] But you are now perfectly easy?

Ara. [*Pulling her hand from him.*] Why, yes, I think I am.——But what can my brother mean about Belmour?

Mod. It is some trick of the widow's.

Ara. I dare say she meant you.

Mod. Possibly she might—you know her motives.

Ara. Yes, yes, her passion for my brother is pretty notorious. But the wretch will be mistaken.——To-morrow, you say?

Mod. To-morrow, my adorable.

Ara. It shall be as you please.——But my situation is so terribly awkward, that I must break from you. Adieu! [*Exit* Ara.

Mod. Upon my soul she is a fine woman, and loves me to distraction; and what is still more, I most undoubtedly love her.——I have a good mind to take her.——Yet not to have it in my power to succeed in the other place, would call my parts in question.

——No, no;—I must not disparage my parts neither. ——In order to be a great character, one should go as near being a rogue as possible. I have a philosopher's opinion on my side in that, and the practice of half the heroes and politicians in Europe. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter BELMOUR.

Belmour.

CÆLIA in love with me! 'Egad the thing is not impossible; my friend Modely may have been a little mistaken. Sir John was very serious when he told me of it; and though I protested to him that I had never made the least advances, he still persisted in his opinion.—The girl must have told him so herself. ——Let me recollect a little. She is always extremely civil to me—but that indeed she is to every body.—I do not remember any thing particular in her looks; but I shall watch them more narrowly the next time I see her.——She is very handsome; and yet in my opinion, notwithstanding Modely's infidelity, Araminta is much the finer woman.—Suppose—No, that will not do.

Enter MODELY.

Mod. So, so, Mr. Belmour, I imagined I should find you here; this is the lover's corner. We have all had our reveries in it. But why don't you talk

louder, man? You ought, at least, to give me my revenge in that.—My soliloquies, you know, are easily over-heard.

Bel. I never designedly over-heard them, Mr. Modely; nor did I make any improper use of the accident.

Mod. Grave, very grave, and perfectly moral! And so this is all I am to have for the loss of my mistress.—Heigh ho!

Then I must be content to see her bless
Yon happier youth.———

Bel. Your raillery is a little unseasonable, Mr. Modely; for to speak plainly, I begin to suspect that this is some trick of yours, to dupe me as well as Sir John Dorilant.

Mod. Upon my honour, no, if we must be serious: it may be a mistake; but not intended on my side, I can assure you. Come, come, if the girl really likes you, take her. If I should prove the happy man, give me joy, and there's an end of it.

Bel. I fancy you are used to disappointments in love, they sit so easy upon you.—Or rather I should suppose, in this case, you are pretty sure of your ground.

Mod. Neither, upon my soul; but a certain *Je ne sai quoi—Gaieté de Coeur*, which carries me above misfortunes; some people call it vanity.

Bel. And are not absolutely mistaken. But what becomes of Araminta all this while?

Mod. [*Yawning.*] I shall marry her, I believe, to-morrow.

Bel. Marry her?

Mod. Yes; Sir John is at this very moment looking over the settlements.

Bel. I don't understand you.

Mod. And yet it is pretty plain, methinks. I tell you I am to be married to-morrow.—Was it not time to make sure of one mistress, when you were running away with the other?

Bel. You know I have no such intentions.—But are you really serious? Have you laid aside your designs upon Cælia?

Mod. Not so, neither.

Bel. What do you mean then by your marriage with Araminta! Why won't you unriddle this affair to me?

Mod. Because it is at present a riddle to myself, and I expect Lady Beverley every moment to resolve the enigma.

Bel. Was it a scheme of her's?

Mod. Certainly, and I partly guess it, but will not unbosom till I know it fully.—Come, come, with all that gravity of countenance and curiosity, you must leave me instantly; the lady will be here, and the plot unravelled, and then——

Bel. I shall expect to be satisfied. [*Exit.*

Mod. Ha! ha! ha! or else you will fight me, I suppose. Why, so you may; and so may Sir John Dorilant too, and faith with some colour of reason.

But my comfort is, that I have experience on my side; and if I survive the rencounter, I shall be a greater hero than ever amongst the ladies, and be esteemed in all companies as much a man of honour as the best of you.

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. Dear Cousin Modely, I am all over in an agitation; we shall certainly be discovered—that devil Araminta——

Mod. What of her, madam?

L. Bev. Is now with her brother talking so eagerly ——Oh! I saw her villanous changes in her countenance: I would have given the world to have overheard their conversation.—Come, come, you must advise me instantly.

Mod. Your ladyship must first let me into the secret. I am absolutely in a wood with regard to the whole affair.—What is all this of Cælia and Belmour?

L. Bev. Nothing, nothing at all; an errant dilemma of the foolish man's own making, which his impertinent sister will immediately clear up to him, and then all must come out.

Mod. But how came Belmour ever to be mentioned in the case?

L. Bev. Dear, dear, he never was mentioned. I must confess that I was so provoked with Sir John's unnatural behaviour, that I could not help telling him that Cælia had a lover, and in the house too.

Your situation with regard to Araminta made him never dream of you; and consequently all his suspicions turned on Belmour.

Mod. But you did not say that that lover had made his addresses to Cælia?

L. Bev. I don't know what I might have said; for he used me like a Turk. But whatever I said, I can unsay it again.

Mod. Why, if I might venture to advise a person of your ladyship's sagacity——

L. Bev. O ay, with all my heart, cousin Modely. For though I may say, without vanity, that nobody has a more clear apprehension of things when the mental faculty is totally undisturbed; yet, when I am in a trepidation, nobody upon earth can be more glad of advice.

Mod. Why, then, madam, to speak, with reverence, I should hope your ladyship would see the necessity of keeping me as concealed as possible. It is the young lady's passion, not mine, which must have the principal influence. Sir John Dorilant's peculiarity of temper is such——

L. Bev. Yes, yes, he has peculiarity enough, that's certain.

Mod. And it is there, madam, as the weakest part, that our attack will be the surest. If she confesses an inclination for me; not both the Indies, added to her fortune, could induce him to marry her.

L. Bev. That is honourable, however, cousin Modely. But he is a horrid creature, notwithstanding.

Mod. I grant it, madam; but a failure in an improper pursuit may recall his reason; and, as he does not want understanding, teach him to search for happiness where only it is to be expected.

L. Bev. He! he! I am so angry with him at present, that I really believe I should refuse him.

Mod. Your ladyship must not be too cruel.

L. Bev. Why, I confess it is not in my nature; but bless me! Here they came.——Let us run down this walk directly, for they must not see us together. [*Ex.*

Enter ARAMINTA *and* SIR JOHN DORILANT.

Ara. Come along, I say; you dragged me into the garden just now, and I will command in my turn. Talk to her you must, and shall. The girl has sense and spirit when she is disengaged from that horrid mother of her's; and I have told her you wanted her, and in this very spot.

Sir J. Dor. You cannot feel, Araminta, what you make me suffer.—But sooner or later it must come to this, and therefore I will assume a resolution, and be rid of all my doubts at once.

Ara. I tell you, this nonsense about Belmour is merely a phantom of her mother's raising, to sound your intentions, and promote her own.

Sir J. Dor. Thus far is certain, that Belmour disclaims all knowledge of the affair, and with an appearance of sincerity; but even that is doubtful. Besides, they are not his, but her inclinations which give me any concern. It is the heart I require. The

lifeless form, beauteous as it is, would only elude my grasp; the shadow of a joy, not the reality.

Ara. Dear, dear, that men had but a little common sense; or that one could venture to tell them what one knows of one's own sex! I have a good mind to be honest.———As I live, the girl is coming.—I'll speed her on the way. Courage, brother, Voila! [*Exit.*

Sir J. Dor. How shall I begin with her?——What idiots are men when they have a real passion! ridiculous, beneath contempt.——[*Walks about the stage.*]——Suppose———I will not suppose; the honest heart shall speak its faithful dictates, and if it fails,———why, let it.

Enter CÆLIA.

Cælia. [*With timidity.*] Araminta tells me, sir, that you have something to say to me.

Sir J. Dor. I have, madam.——Come forward, Miss Beverley.—Would you choose to sit?——[*They sit down.*]——*After some irresolute gesture.*] You are not afraid of catching cold?

Cælia. Not in the least, sir.

Sir J. Dor. I know sitting in the open air has that effect upon some people—but your youth and constitution——Did my sister say any thing concerning the subject I would speak to you upon?

Cælia. She only told me, sir, that it was of moment.

Sir J. Dor. It is of moment, indeed, Cælia.——But you must not think that I am angry.

Cælia. Angry, sir!

Sir J. Dor. I don't mean angry.——I am a little confused; but shall recover myself presently.——[*Rises, and* Cælia *rises too.*]——Nay, pray sit, Miss Beverley.——Whatever I feel myself, I would not disturb you.——*Returns to his seat, then, after a pause, goes on.*]——The affair I would speak to you upon is this:——You remember your father perfectly?

Cælia. And ever shall.

Sir J. Dor. Indeed he was a good man, Miss Beverley, a virtuous man, and felt tenderly for your happiness.——Those tears become you, and yet, methinks, I would not provoke them.——When he died, he left you to my care.

Cælia. Which alone made his loss supportable.

Sir J. Dor. Are you sincere in what you say?

Cælia. I should be ungrateful indeed, if I was not.

Sir J. Dor. [*Turning towards her.*] Nay, you are sincerity itself.—O Cælia; [*Taking her by the hand.*]—But I beg your pardon, I am assuming a liberty I have no right to take, till you allow it.

Cælia. Sir!

Sir J. Dor. I see I have alarmed you.—Retire, Miss Beverley,——I'll speak to you some other time. [*She is going.*]——Cælia, Miss Beverley,—pray come back, my dear.—I am afraid my behaviour is rather too abrupt.——Perhaps, too, it may displease you.

Cælia. I can be displeased with nothing from you, sir; and am ready to obey you, be your commands what they will.

Sir J. Dor. Commands, Cælia!——that's a hard word.

Cælia. I am sorry it offends you.

Sir J. Dor. You know best, Cælia, whether it ought to offend me—would I could read the sentiments of your heart! Mine are but too apparent.—In short, my dear, you know the purport of your father's will—dare you fulfil it?

Cælia. To the minutest circumstance.—It is my duty.

Sir J. Dor. Ah, Cælia, that word *duty* destroys the obligation.

Cælia. Sir!

Sir J. Dor. I don't know how it is, but I am afraid to ask you the only question, which, sincerely answered, could make me happy—or miserable.

[*Half aside.*

Cælia. Let me beg of you, sir, to ask it freely.

Sir J. Dor. Well then——is your heart your own?——O Cælia, that hesitation confirms my fears. You cannot answer in the affirmative; and have too much humanity for what I feel, to add to my torments.—Good God!—and is it possible, that an acquaintance of a few days should entirely obliterate the attentive assiduity, the tender anxieties which I have shewn for years!—But I understand it all too well. Mine were the awful, though heart-felt attentions of a parent:

his, the sprightly address of a presuming lover. His easy assurance has won upon your affections; and what I thought my greatest merit, has undone me.

Cælia. You were so good, sir, a little while ago, to pity my confusion; pity it now, and whilst I lay my heart open before you, be again that kind, that generous friend, which I have always found you.

Sir J. Dor. Go on.

Cælia. It is in vain for me to dissemble an ignorance of your meaning, nor would I if I could. I own I have been too much pleased with Mr. Modely's conversation.

Sir J. Dor. Modely's!

Cælia. Let me go on.——His intended marriage with Araminta, gave him a freedom in this family which it was not my business to restrain. His attentions to my mother, and the friendly manner in which he executed some commissions of consequence to her, gave him frequent opportunities of talking to me. I will confess too, that his appearance and his manner struck me. But I was so convinced of his real passion for Aramanta, that I never dreamt of the least attachment to me, till——

Sir J. Dor. Till what, when—Modely!—Why, he is to be married to my sister to-morrow or next day.

Cælia. I knew it was so intended, but his behaviour this morning, and the intercessions of my mother, had, I own, won upon me strangely; and induced me to believe that I only was the object of his pursuit.

Sir J. Dor. I am thunderstruck!——

Cælia. My mother made me clearly perceive that the completion of his marriage would be an injury to Araminta. She told me too, sir, that you yourself would be my adviser in the affair, and even persuade me to accept it.

Sir J. Dor. O the malicious woman!

Cælia. In that indeed I perceive she greatly erred. And I only mean this as a confession of what is past, and of what is now at an end for ever.——For the future, I give myself to your guidance alone, and am what you direct.—— [*Giving her hand to him.*

Sir J. Dor. Thou amiable softness?——No, Cælia, however miserable I may be myself, I will not make you so; it was your heart, not your hand, I aspired to. As the former has been seduced from me, it would be an injustice to us both to accept of the latter. As to Mr. Modely, and Lady Beverley, I have not deserved this treachery from them, and they shall both feel my resentment.

Cælia. Sir!

Sir J. Dor. She told me indeed there was a favoured lover; and my suspicions fell very naturally upon Belmour. Nay, even now, nothing but that lovely sincerity—which undoes me—could make me credit this villany of Modely.——O Cælia! what a heart have I lost!

Cælia. You cannot, shall not lose it; worthless as it is, 'tis yours, and only yours, my father, guardian, lover, husband! [*Hangs upon him weeping.*

Enter ARAMINTA.

Ara. Hey-day!—what a scene is here! What is the matter with ye both?

Sir J. Dor. O sister! that angel goodness, that mirror of her sex has ruined me.

Ara. Ruined you!—how?

Sir J. Dor. Nay, I am not the only sufferer: Modely is as false to you, as her mother is to all of us.

Ara. I don't understand you.

Sir J. Dor. You will too soon. My suspicions of Belmour were all a chimæra; it is your impious Modely who has possession of her heart.——To me she is lost irrecoverably.—— [*Going.*

Ara. Stay, brother.

Sir J. Dor. I cannot, my soul's too full. [*Exit.*

Ara. Pray, Miss Beverley, what is the meaning of all this?

Celia. I cannot speak——

[*Throwing herself into a chair.*

Ara. I'll be hanged if this fellow Modely has not talked you into an opinion, that he is in love with you. Indeed, my dear, your youth and inexperience may lead you into strange scrapes; and that mother of yours is enough to turn any girl's head in the universe.—Come, come, unriddle this affair to me.

Celia. Alas! madam, all I know is, that the only man I ever did, or ever can esteem, despises me, and, I fear, hates me.

Ara. Hates you! he doats upon you to distraction.

—But pray, did Modely ever make any serious addresses to you?

Cælia. Alas! but too often.

Ara. The hypocrite! but I'll be even with him.—And your mother, I suppose, encouraged him! An infamous woman! But I know her drift well enough——

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. Where is my poor girl? I met Sir John Dorilant in such a furious way, that he seems to have lost all common civility. What have they done to you, child?

Ara. Done to her? What has your ladyship done to her? I knew your little artifices long ago, but——

L. Bev. My artifices! Mrs. Araminta.

Ara. Your artifices, Lady Beverley; but they are all to no purpose; the girl has too good an understanding to be imposed on any longer; and your boasted machinations are as vain aud empty in their effects, as in their contrivances.

L. Bev. What does the woman mean?—But the loss of a lover, I suppose, is an excuse for ill-breeding. Poor creature! if the petulency of thy temper would let me, I could almost pity thee. The loss of a lover is no agreeable thing; but women at our time of life, Mrs. Araminta, must not expect a lasting passion.

Ara. Scarce any at all I believe, if they go a wooing themselves. For my part, I have had the satis-

faction of being solicited however. And I am afraid my rustic brother never gave your ladyship's solicitations even the slightest encouragement. How was it? Did you find him quite hard hearted? No bowels of compassion for so accomplished a damsel?

Cælia. [*Interposing.*] Dear madam! dear Araminta!

L. Bev. Stand away, child——Desert, madam, is not always attended with success; nor confidence neither. There are some women so assured of their conquest, as even to disgust a lover on the very day of marriage.

Ara. Was my behaviour ever such?

L. Bev. I really cannot say Mrs. Araminta; but the world, you know, is censorious enough, when a match is broken off so near its conclusion, generally to charge the inconstancy of the lover to some defect of his mistress.

Ara. I defy him to produce any.

L. Bev. And yet he has certainly left you; *Never, never to return!*

Ara. Insolent!

Cælia. [*Interposing again.*] Dear Araminta!

Ara. But your ladyship may be mistaken even in that too. I may find him at his solicitations again? and if I do———

L. Bev. You'll take him.

Ara. Take him?——Daggers and poison sooner.

L. Bev. Poor creature!—Come, Cælia, words do but aggravate her misfortune. We only disturb her. You see, my dear, what are the effects of too violent

pear mercenary in myself, and give real pain both to you and Cælia.

Ara. I actually don't know what to say to you.

Sir J. Dor. You had better say nothing. Your spirits at present are too much alarmed.—I have sent for Cælia hither; a short hour may determine the fates of all of us. I know my honourable intentions will give her great uneasiness. But it is my duty which exacts them from me.—You had better take a turn or two in some other part of the garden:—I see my steward coming this way;—I may want your assistance but too soon. [*Exit* Ara.

Enter the Steward.

Have you brought those papers I bade you look for?

Stew. Yes, sir. But there is the gentleman within to wait upon your honour, concerning the estate you intended to purchase. It seems a mighty good bargain.

Sir J. Dor. I cannot speak to him now.

Stew. Your honour always used to be punctual,

Sir J. Dor. Alas! Jonathan, I may be punctual again to-morrow.—Give me the papers. Did Miss Beverley say she would come to me?

Stew. Immediately, sir. But I wish your honour would consider, such bargains as these do not offer every day.

Sir J. Dor. Heigh ho!

Stew. It joins so conveniently too to your honour's own estate—within a hedge as I may say.

Sir J. Dor. Pr'ythee don't plague me.

Stew. Nay, 'tis not my interest, but your honour's. Though that indeed I may call my interest, for I am sure I love your honour.

Sir J. Dor. I know thou dost, Jonathan; and I am too hasty—but leave me now.——If the gentleman will do me the favour of staying all night, I may satisfy him in the morning. My head and heart are too full now for any business which concerns my fortune. [*Exit* Sir J. Dor.

Stew. Something goes very wrong with my poor master. Some love nonsense or other, I suppose. ——I wish all the women were in the bottom of the sea, for my part. [*Exit Stew.*

Enter LADY BEVERLEY *and* CÆLIA.

L. Bev. I thought it requisite, Sir John, as I heard you had something of importance to transact with my daughter, to wait upon you with her.

Sir J. Dor. Was that necessary, madam?—I begged the favour of Miss Beverley's company only.

L. Bev. But a mother, you know, Sir John, who has a tender concern for her child——

Sir J. Dor. Should shew it on every occasion.

L. Bev. I find, Sir John, there is some misunderstanding at present, which a woman of prudence and experience might be much better consulted upon, than a poor young thing, whose——

Sir J. Dor. Not at all, madam; Cælia has all the prudence I require, and our present conversation will soon be over.

L. Bev. Nay, Sir John, to be sure I am not afraid of trusting my daughter alone with you. A man of your discretion will undoubtedly be guilty of no impropriety. But a third person sometimes, where the parties concerned are a little too much influenced by their passions, has occasioned very substantial, and very useful effects.—I have known several instances of it, in the course of my experience.

Sir J. Dor. This, madam, will not be one of them. —How teasing! [*Walking aside.*

L. Bev. I find, Sir John, that you are determined to have your own way, and therefore will shew you by my behaviour, that I know what good manners require; though I do not always meet with the same treatment from other people. [*Exit* L. Bev.

Sir J. Dor. Now, Cælia, we are alone, and I have many excuses to make to you for the impassioned sallies of our late conversation; which I do most sincerely—Can you pardon them?

Cælia. Alas! sir, 'tis I who ought to entreat for pardon.

Sir J. Dor. Not in the least, madam, I have no blame to cast upon you for any part of your conduct. Your youth and inexperience, joined to the goodness of your heart, are sufficient apologies for any shadow of indiscretion which might appear in your behaviour. I am afraid mine was not so irreproachable. However, Cælia, I shall endeavour to make you all the amends in my power; and to shew you that it is your happiness, not my own, which is the object of my anxiety.

Your father's will is but too clear in its intentions. But the purity of his heart never meant to promote my felicity at the expence of yours. You are therefore, madam, entirely at liberty from this moment, to make your choice where you please. This paper will entitle you to that authority; and this will enable you to bestow your fortune where you bestow your hand.——Take them, my dear.——Why are you so disturbed?——Alas! Cælia, I see too plainly the cause of these emotions. You only wish the happy man to whom you have given your heart, loved you as I do!——

But I beg pardon; and will only add one caution, which my duty demands of me, as your guardian, your protector, and your father's friend.—You have been a witness of Modely's transactions with my sister. Have a care therefore, Cælia; be sure of his firm attachment before you let your own hurry you into a compliance. These papers give you up all power on my part; but, as an adviser, I shall always be ready to be consulted.

Cælia. My tears and my confusion have hitherto hindered me from answering; not the invidious suggestion which you have so cruelly charged me with. What friend, what lover have I, to engross my attentions? I never had but one, and he has cast me off for ever.——O, sir, give me the papers, and let me return them where my soul longs to place them.

Sir J. Dor. No, Cælia, to accept them again would

impeach the justice of my whole proceeding. It would make it look like the mean artifice of a mercenary villain, who attempted to gain, by stratagem, what his merits did not intitle him to.——I blush to think of it.—I have performed my office. Be mistress of yourself, and let me fly from a combat to which I find myself unequal. [*Exit* Sir J. Dor.

[Cælia *sits down, leaning her head on her hand.*

Enter MODELY *and* BELMOUR.

Mod. Hist! hist! he has just left her, and in a fine situation for my approaches.——if you are not yet satisfied, I will make up all differences with you another time.——Get into the arbour, and be a witness of my triumph. You shall see me, like another Cæsar, Come, see—and overcome.

[Bel. *goes into the arbour.*

Mod. [*Comes forward, walks two or three turns by her, bowing as he passes, without being taken notice of, then speaks.*] If it is not an interruption, madam, when I find you thus alone.——

Cælia. [*Rising.*] I would choose to be alone.

Mod. Madam!

Cælia. [*After a little pause.*] In short, Mr. Modely, your behaviour to me of late is what I can by no means approve of. It is unbecoming your character as a man of honour; and would be a stain to the ingenuous modesty of my sex for me to suffer.

Mod. You surprise me, madam. Can the adoration of an humble love—the timid advance of a man

whom your beauty has undone, be such unpardonable offences?

[Cælia *looks with indignation at him, and is going off.*

Mod. [*Catching hold of her, and falling on his knees.*] Nay, madam, you must not leave me.

Cælia. Rise, sir, or I am gone this moment.——I thought of flying from you, but my soul disdains it.——Know then, sir, that I am mistress of myself, mistress of my fortune, and may bestow my hand wherever my heart directs it.

Mod. My angel!—— [*Coming eagerly up to her.*

Cælia. What do you mean?

Mod. That you may make the most sincere of lovers, the happiest of mankind. The addition of your fortune will add splendor to our felicity; and the frowns of disappointed love only heighten our enjoyments.

Cælia. Oh, thou vile one!——How does that cruel, generous man, who has rejected me, rise on the comparison!

Mod. Rejected you!——Sir John Dorilant!

Cælia. Yes, Mr. Modely, that triumph at least is yours. I have offered myself, and been refused. My hand and fortune equally disdained. But may perpetual happiness attend him, wherever his honest, honest heart shall fix!

Mod. O, madam, your inexperience deceives you. He knows the integrity of your mind, and trusts to that for recompence. His seeming disinterestedness it but the surer method of completing his utmost wishes.

Cælia. Blasphemer, stop thy tongue. The purity of his intentions is as much above thy malice, as thy imitation. [*She walks to one side of the stage, and* Modely *stands disconcerted on the other.*

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. Well, child, what has the man said to thee? Cousin Modely, your servant; you find our plot would not take, they were too quick upon us. ——Hey-day! what has been doing here?

Mod. O, madam, you are my only refuge; a wretch on the brink of despair flies to you for protection. That amiable creature is in full possession of herself and fortune, and yet rejects my tenderest solicitations.

L. Bev. Really!——What is all this? Tell me, Cælia, has the man actually given up all right and title to thee real and personal? Come, come, I must be a principal actress, I find, in this affair.—— Decency and decorum require it.—Tell me, child, is it so?

Cælia. Sir John Dorilant, madam, with a generosity peculiar to himself, (cruel generosity!) has cancelled every obligation which could confine my choice. These papers confirm the freedom he has given me——and rob me of all future comfort.

L. Bev. Indeed! I did not expect this of him; but I am heartily glad of it.—Give me the papers, child.

Cælia. No, madam:———Useless as they are, they are yet my own.

L. Bev. Useless!—What do you mean? Has the base man laid any other embargo on the child?

Cælia. I cannot bear, madam, even from you, to hear Sir John Dorilant treated with disrespect.—— Useless!—Yes, they shall be useless. Thus, thus I tear them into atoms; and disdain a liberty which but too justly reproaches my conduct.—Your advice, madam, has already made me miserable, but it shall not make me ungrateful or unjust. [*Exit* Cælia.

L. Bev. I am astonished! I never saw the girl in such a way before.—Why, this is errant disobedience, cousin Modely. I must after her, and know the bottom of it.—Don't dispair. [*Exit* L. Bev.

Bel. [*Coming out of the arbour.*] Come, see, overcome!—O poor Cæsar!

Mod. [*Humming a tune.*] You think I am disconcerted now?

Bel. Why really I should think something of that kind.

Mod. You never were more mistaken in your life. ——Egad, 'tis a spirited girl. She and Sir John Dorilant were certainly born for one another. I have a good mind to take compassion of them, and let them come together. They must and shall be man and wife, and I will e'en go back to Araminta.

Bel. Thou hast a most astonishing assurance.

Mod. Hush!——she is coming this way——get into your hole again, and be dumb.——Now you shall see a scene of triumph indeed.

Bel. Have a care· Cæsar, you have the Britons to deal with. [*Retires.*

Enter ARAMINTA.

Ara. What, are they gone? and my wretch here by himself?—O that I could dissemble a little!—I will, if my heart bursts for it.——O, Mr. Modely, I am half ashamed to see you;——but my brother has signed those odious writings.

Mod. Then thus I seize my charmer.

Ara. Agreeable rascal!——Be quiet, can't you; you think one so forward now.

Mod. I cannot, will not be restrained, when the dear object of my wishes meets me with kind compliance in her eyes and voice!——To-morrow!——'Tis an age—why should we wait for that? To-night, my angel, to-night may make us one, and the fair prospect of our halcyon days even from this hour begin.

Ara. Who would not think this fellow, with his blank verse now, was in earnest? But I know him thoroughly.—Indeed, Mr. Modely, you are too pressing; marriage is a serious thing. Besides, you know, this idle bustle betwixt my brother and Cælia, which you seem to think me ignorant of, and which you, in some measure, though undesignedly I dare say, have occasioned, may obstruct us a little.

Mod. Not at all, my dear; an amusement *en passant*;—the mere raillery of gallantry on my side, to oblige her impertinent mother (who, you know, has a

penchant for Sir John herself) was the whole insignificant business.——Perhaps, indeed, I was something blameable in it.

Ara. Why, really, I think so, in your situation. But are you sure it went no further?—nothing else passed between you?

Mod. Nothing in nature.

Ara. Dear me, how mistaken people are! I cannot say that I believed it; but they told me, that you had actually proposed to marry her—that the girl was near consenting—and that the mother was your friend in the affair.

Mod. The mere malice and invention of Lady Beverley.

Ara. And there is not a word of truth in it then?

Mod. Not a syllable——You know my soul is yours.

Ara. O thou villain!—I thought to have kept my temper, and to have treated you with the contempt you deserve; but this insolence is intolerable.—Can you imagine that I am a stranger to your proceedings? a deaf, blind ideot?——O, I could tear this foolish heart, which, cheated by its passion, has encouraged such an insult.——How, how have I deserved this treatment? [*Bursting into tears.*

Mod. [*Greatly alarmed.*] By holy faith!—by every power above! you, and you only, are the passion of my soul!——May every curse ——

Ara. Away, deceiver!—these tears are the tears of resentment.—My resolution melts not in my eyes.

'Tis fixed, unalterable!—You might imagine, from the gaiety of my temper, that it had its levity too: But know, sir, that a woman who has once been duped, defies all future machinations.

Mod. Hear me, madam!—nay, you shall hear me.—

Ara. Shall!—insufferable insolence!——Go, sir; for any thing which regards me, you are free as air, free as your licentious principles. Nor shall a thought of what I once esteemed, disturb my future quiet. There are men who think me not contemptible, and under whose protection I may shelter my disgrace. —Unhand me.—This is the last time I shall probably ever see you; and I may tell you in parting, that you have used me cruelly, and that Cælia knows you as perfectly as I do. [*Exit* Ara.—Mod. *stands confounded.*

Enter Belmour.

Bel. Cæsar ashamed!—And well he may, 'faith.—Why, man, what is the matter with you? Quite dumb? quite confounded?—Did not I always tell you that you loved her?

Mod. I feel it sensibly.

Bel. And I can tell you another secret.

Mod. What's that?

Bel. That she loves you.

Mod. O that she did!

Bel. Did!—Every word, every motion of passion through her whole conversation betrayed it involuntarily. I wish it had been otherwise.

Mod. Why?

Bel. Because I had some thoughts of circumventing you. But I find it will be in vain.—Therefore, pursue her properly, and she is yours.

Mod. O never, Belmour, never!—I have sinned beyond a possibility of pardon. That she did love me, I have had a thousand proofs, which, like a brainless idiot, I wantonly trifled with.——What a pitiful rascal have I made myself?

Bel. Why, in that I agree with you;—but don't despair man; you may still be happier than you deserve.

Mod. With what face can I approach her? Every circumstance of her former affection, now rises in judgment against me. O, Belmour, she has taught me to blush!

Bel. And I assure you it becomes you mightily.

Mod. Where can I apply?—How can I address her?—All that I can possibly do, will only look like a mean artificial method of patching up my other disappointment.

Bel. More miracles still!—She has not only taught you to blush, but has absolutely made a man of honour of you!

Mod. Raillery is out of season.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Araminta, sir, desires to speak with you.

Mod. [*Eagerly.*] With me?

Serv. No, sir, with Mr. Belmour.

Bel. With me?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Bel. Where is she?

Serv. In the close walk by the house, sir.

Bel. And alone?

Serv. Entirely, sir.

Bel. I'll wait upon her this instant. [*Exit Servant.*

Mod. Belmour, you shall not stir.

Bel. By my faith but I will, sir.

Mod. She said there were men to whom she could fly for protection.—By my soul she intends to propose herself to you.

Bel. And if she does, I shall certainly accept her offer.

Mod. I'll cut your throat if you do.

Bel. And do you think to fright me by that? I fancy I can cut throats as well as other people. Your servant. If I cannot succeed for myself, I'll speak a good word for you. [*Exit* Bel.

Mod. What can this mean?—I am upon thorns till I know the event. I must watch them.—No, that is dishonest.—Dishonest! How virtuous does a real passion make one!—Heigh ho! [*Walks about in disorder.*] He seems in great haste to go to her.—He has turned into the walk already.—That abominable old-fashioned cradle-work makes the hedges so thick, there is no seeing through them.——An open lawn has ten thousand times the beauty, and is kept at less expence by half.——These cursed unnatural chairs are always in the way too.—[*Stumbling against one of the garden chairs.*] What a miserable dog am I!——

I would give an arm to know what they are talking about.——We talk of female coquettes! By my soul we beat them at their own weapons!—Stay,—one stratagem I may yet put in practice, and it is an honest one.——The thought was lucky.——I will about it instantly. Poor Modely! How has thy vanity reduced thee!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter ARAMINTA *and* BELMOUR.

Araminta.

You find, Mr. Belmour, that I have seen your partialities, and like a woman of honour I have confessed my own. Your behaviour to your friend is generous beyond comparison, and I could almost join in the little stratagem you propose, merely to see if he deserves it.

Bel. Indeed, madam, you mistake him utterly. Vanity is his ruling vice; an idle affectation of success among the ladies, which makes fools admire, and boys envy him, is the master-passion of his giddy heart. The severe checks he has met with to-day, have sufficiently opened his understanding; and the real possession of one valuable woman, whom he dreads to lose, will soon convince him how despicable his folly has made him.

Ara. I am afraid, Mr. Belmour, a man who has

half his life been pursuing bubbles, without perceiving their insignificance, will be easily tempted to resume the chace. The possession of one reality will hardly convince him that the rest were shadows. And a woman must be an idiot indeed, who thinks of fixing a man to herself after marriage, whom she could not secure before it. To begin with insensibility!—O fie, Mr. Modely.

Bel. You need not fear it, madam; his heart——

Ara. Is as idle as our conversation on the subject. I beg your pardon for the comparison; as I do, for having sent for you in this manner. But I thought it necessary that both you and Mr. Modely should know my real sentiments, undisguised by passion.

Bel. And may I hope you will concur in my proposal?

Ara. I don't know what to say to it; it is a piece of mummery which I am ill suited for at present. But if an opportunity should offer, I must confess I have enough of the woman in me, not to be insensible to the charms of an innocent revenge.—But this other intricate business, if you can assist me in that, you will oblige me beyond measure. They are two hearts, Mr. Belmour, worthy to be united! Had my brother a little less honour, and she a little less sensibility—But I know not what to think of it.

Bel. In that, madam, I can certainly assist you.

Ara. How, dear Mr. Belmour?

Bel. I have been a witness, unknown to Cælia, to

such a conversation, as will clear up every doubt Sir John can possibly have entertained.

Ara. You charm me when you say so.——As I live, here comes my brother.—Stay; is not that wretch, Modely, with him? He is actually.—What can his assurance be plotting now?—Come this way, Mr. Belmour; we will watch them at a distance, that no harm may happen between them, and talk to the girl first. The monster!—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR JOHN DORILANT *and* MODELY.

Mod. [*Entering, and looking after* Ara. *and* Bel.] They are together still!——
But let me resume my nobler self.

Sir J. Dor. Why will you follow me, *Mr.* Modely? I have purposely avoided you.—My heart swells with indignation.——I know not what may be the consequence.

Mod. Upon my honour, Sir John——

Sir J. Dor. Honour, Mr. Modely! 'tis a sacred word. You ought to shudder when you pronounce it. Honour has no existence but in the breast of truth. 'Tis the harmonious result of every virtue combined.—You have sense, you have knowledge; but I can assure you, Mr. Modely, though parts and knowledge, without the dictates of justice, or the feelings of humanity, may make a bold and mischievous member of society even courted by the world, they only, in my eye, make him more contemptible.

Mod. This I can bear, Sir John,——because I have deserved it.

Sir J. Dor. You may think, perhaps, it is only an idle affair with a lady, what half mankind are guilty of, and what the conceited wits of your acquaintance will treat with raillery. Faith with a woman! ridiculous!—But let me tell you, Mr. Modely, the man who even slightly deceives a believing and a trusting woman, can never be a man of honour.

Mod. I own the truth of your assertions. I feel the awful superiority of your real virtue. Nor should any thing have dragged me into your presence, so much I dreaded it, but the sincerest hope of making you happy.

Sir J. Dor. Making me happy, Mr. Modely!—You have put it out of your own power.—[*Walks from him, then turns to him again.*]——You mean, I suppose, by a resignation of Cælia to me.

Mod. Not of Cælia only, but her affections.

Sir J. Dor. Vain and impotent proposal!

Mod. Sir John, 'tis not a time for altercation.——By all my hopes of bliss here and hereafter, you are the real passion of her soul.——Look not so unbelieving: by Heaven 'tis true; and nothing but an artful insinuation of your never intending to marry her, and even concurring in our affair, could ever have made her listen one moment to me.

Sir J. Dor. Why do I hear you?——O, Mr. Modely, you touch my weakest part.

Mod. Cherish the tender feelings, and be happy.

Sir J. Dor. Is it possible that amiable creature can think and talk tenderly of me? I know her generosity; but generosity is not the point.

Mod. Believe me, sir, 'tis more; 'tis real unaffected passion. Her innocent soul speaks through her eyes the honest dictates of her heart. In our last conference, notwithstanding her mother's commands; notwithstanding what I blush to own, my utmost ardent solicitations to the contrary, she persisted in her integrity, tore the papers which left her choice free, and treated us with an indignation which added charms to virtue.

Sir J. Dor. O these flattering sounds!——Would I could believe them!

Mod. Belmour, as well as myself, and Lady Beverley was a witness of the truth of them. I thought it my duty to inform you, as I know your delicacy with regard to her. And indeed I would in some measure endeavour to repair the injuries I have offered to your family, before I leave it for ever.—— O, Sir John, let not an ill-judged nicety debar you from a happiness, which stands with open arms to receive you. Think what my folly has lost in Araminta; and, when your indignation at the affront is a little respited, be blest yourself, and pity me.— [*As he goes out, he still looks after* Araminta *and* Belmour.]——I don't see them now; but I will go round that way to the house. [*Exit* Modely.

Sir J. Dor. What can this mean?——He cannot intend to deceive me; he seems too sincerely affected.

—I must, I will believe him. The mind which suspects injustice, is half guilty of it itself.——Talks tenderly of me! tore the papers! treated them with indignation! Heavens! what a flow of tender joy comes over me!——Shall Cælia then be mine? How my heart dances! O! I could be wondrous foolish!—Well, Jonathan.

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. The gentleman, sir——

Sir J. Dor. What of the gentleman? I am ready for any thing.

Stew. Will wait upon your honour to-morrow, as you are not at leisure.

Sir J. Dor. With all my heart.—Now or then, whenever he pleases.

Stew. I am glad to see your honour in spirits.

Sir J. Dor. Spirits, Jonathan! I am light as air.—Make a thousand excuses to him;——but let it be to-morrow, however, for I see Lady Beverley coming this way.

Stew. Heaven bless his good soul! I love to see him merry. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. If I don't interrupt you, Sir John——

Sir J. Dor. Interrupt me, madam, 'tis impossible.

L. Bev. For I would not be guilty of an indecorum, even to you.

Sir J Dor. Come, come, Lady Beverley, these little bickerings must be laid aside. Give me your hand,

lady. Now we are friends. [*Kissing it.*]——How does your lovely daughter?

L. Bev. You are in a mighty good humour, Sir John; perhaps every body may not be so.

Sir J. Dor. Every body must be so, madam, where I come; I am joy itself.

"*The jolly god that leads the jocund hours.*"

L. Bev. What is come to the man!——Whatever it is, I shall damp it presently.—[*Aside.*]——Do you choose to hear what I have to say, Sir John?

Sir J. Dor. You can say nothing, madam, but that you consent, and Cælia is my own.——Yes, you yourself have been a witness to her integrity. Come, indulge me, Lady Beverley. Declare it all, and let me listen to my happiness.

L. Bev. I shall declare nothing, Sir John, on that subject: what I have to say is of a very different import.——In short, without circumlocution, or any unnecessary embarrassment to entangle the affair, I and my daughter are of opinion, that it is by no means proper for us to continue any longer in your family.

Sir J. Dor. Madam!

L. Bev. This is what I had to declare, Sir John.

Sir J. Dor. Does Cælia, madam, desire to leave me?

L. Bev. It was a proposal of her own.

Sir J. Dor. Confusion!

L. Bev. And a very sensible one too, in my opinion. For when people are not so easy together, as

might be expected, I know no better remedy than parting.

Sir J. Dor. [*Aside.*] Sure, this is no trick of Modely's, to get her away from me!—He talked too himself of leaving my family immediately.—I shall relapse again.

L. Bev. I find, Sir John, you are somewhat disconcerted; but, for my part—

Sir J. Dor. O torture!

L. Bev. I say, for my part, Sir John, it might have been altogether as well, perhaps, if we had never met.

Sir J. Dor. I am sorry, madam, my behaviour has offended you, but——

Enter ARAMINTA, CÆLIA, *and* BELMOUR.

Ara. [*To* Cælia, *as she enters.*] Leave the house indeed!—Come, come, you shall speak to him.—— What is all this disorder for? Pray, brother, has any thing new happened?——That wretch has been beforehand with us.— [*Aside to* Bel.

L. Bev. Nothing at all, Mrs. Araminta; I have only made a very reasonable proposal to him, which he is pleased to treat with his and your usual incivility.

Sir J. Dor. You wrong us, madam, with the imputation.——[*After a pause, and some irresolution, he goes up to* Cælia.]—I thought, Miss Beverley, I had already given up my authority, and that you were perfectly at liberty to follow your own inclinations.

I could have wished, indeed, to have still assisted you with my advice; and I flattered myself that my presence would have been no restraint upon your conduct. But I find it is otherwise. My very roof is grown irksome to you, and the innocent pleasure I received in observing your growing virtues, is no longer to be indulged to me.

Cælia. O, sir, put not so hard a construction upon what I thought a blameless proceeding. Can it be wondered at, that I should fly from him who has twice rejected me with disdain?

Sir J. Dor. With disdain, Cælia?

Cælia. Who has withdrawn from me even his parental tenderness, and driven me to the hard necessity of avoiding him, lest I should offend him farther. I know how much my inexperience wants a faithful guide; I know what cruel censures a malicious world will pass upon my conduct;—but I must bear them all. For he who might protect me from myself——protect me from the insults of licentious tongues, abandons me to fortune.

Sir J. Dor. O, Cælia!——have I, have I abandoned thee?——Heaven knows my inmost soul; how did it rejoice but a few moments ago, when Modely told me that your heart was mine!

Ara. Modely!—Did Modely tell you so?—Do you hear that, Mr. Belmour?

Sir J. Dor. He did, my sister, with every circumstance which could encrease his own guilt, and her integrity.

Ara. This was honest however.

Sir J. Dor. I thought it so, and respected him accordingly. O, he breathed comfort to a despairing wretch! but now a thousand, thousand doubts crowd in upon me. He leaves my house this instant; nay, may be gone already. Cælia too is flying from me, —perhaps to join him, and, with her happier lover, smile at my undoing!—— [*Leans on* Ara.

Cælia. I burst with indignation!——Can I be suspected of such treachery? Can you, sir, who know my every thought, harbour such a suspicion?—O, madam, this contempt have you brought upon me. A want of deceit was all the little negative praise I had to boast of, and that is now denied me.

[*Leans on* L. Bev.

L. Bev. Come away, child.

Cælia. No, madam. I have a harder task still to perform. [*Comes up to* Sir John.] To offer you my hand again under these circumstances, thus despicable as you have made me, may seem an insult. But I mean it not as such.—O, sir, if you ever loved my father, in pity to my orphan state, let me not leave you. Shield me from the world, shield me from the worst of misfortunes, your own unkind suspicions.

Ara. What fooling is here? Help me, Mr. Belmour.—There, take her hand.—And now let it go if you can.

Sir J. Dor. [*Grasping her hand.*] O, Cælia! may I believe Modely? Is your heart mine?

Cælia. It is, and ever shall be.

Sir J. Dor. Transporting ecstacy!—

[*Turning to* Cælia.

L. Bev. I should think, Sir John, a mother's consent——though Mrs. Araminta, I see, has been so very good to take that office upon herself.

Sir J. Dor. I beg your pardon, madam; my thoughts were too much engaged——But may I hope for your concurrence?

L. Bev. I don't know what to say to you; I think you have bewitched the girl amongst you.

Ara. Indeed, Lady Beverley, this is quite preposterous.——Ha!—He here again——Protect me, Mr. Belmour.

Enter MODELY.

Mod. Madam, you need fly no where for protection: you have no insolence to fear from me. I am humbled sufficiently, and the post-chaise is now at the door to banish me for ever.—My sole business here is, to unite that virtuous man with the most worthy of her sex.

Ara. [*Half aside.*] Thank you for the compliment ——Now, Mr. Belmour.

L. Bev. You may spare yourself the trouble, cousin Modely; the girl is irrecoverably gone already.

Mod. May all the happiness they deserve attend them! [*Going, then looks back at* Ara.] I cannot leave her.

Sir J. Dor. Mr. Modely, is there nobody here besides, whom you ought to take leave of?

Mod. I own my parting from that lady [*To* Ara.] should not be in silence; but a conviction of my guilt stops my tongue from utterance.

Ara. I cannot say I quite believe that; but as our affair may make some noise in the world, for the sake of my own character, I must beg of you to declare before this company, whether any part of my conduct has given even a shadow of excuse for the insult I have received. If it has, be honest, and proclaim it.

Mod. None, by heaven; the crime was all my own, and I suffer for it justly and severely——with shame I speak it, notwithstanding the appearances to the contrary, my heart was ever yours, and ever will be.

Ara. I am satisfied; and will honestly confess, the sole reason of my present appeal was this, that where I had destined my hand, my conduct might appear unblemished. [*Gives her hand to* Bel.

Mod. Confusion!——then my suspicious were just.

Sir J. Dor. Sister!

Cælia. Araminta!

Ara. What do you mean? what are ye surprised at?——The insinuating Mr. Modely can never want mistresses any where. Can he, Mr. Belmour? You know him perfectly.

Mod. Distraction!——Knows me? Yes, he does know me. The villain! though he triumphs in my sufferings, knows what I feel!——You, madam, are just in your severity; from you I have deserved every thing; the anguish, the despair which must attend my future life comes from you like Heaven's

avenging minister!——But for him——[Sir John *interposes.*]——O for a sword——But I shall find a time, and a severe one.——Let me go, Sir John——

Ara. I'll carry on the farce no longer.—Rash, inconsiderate madman! The sword which pierces Mr. Belmour's breast, would rob you of the best of friends. ——This pretended marriage, for it is no more, was merely contrived by him, to convince me of your sincerity.——Embrace him as your guardian angel, and learn from him to be virtuous.

Bel. O madam, let me still plead for him. Surely when a vain man feels himself in the wrong, you cannot desire him to suffer a greater punishment.

Ara. I have done with fooling.——You told me to-day, Lady Beverley, that he would never return to me.

L. Bev. And I told you, at the same time, madam, that if he did——you would take him.

Ara. In both you are mistaken.——Mr. Modely, your last behaviour to Cælia and my brother, shews a generosity of temper I did not think you capable of, and for that I thank you. But to be serious on our own affair, whatever appearance your present change may carry with it; your transactions of to-day have been such, that I can never hereafter have that respect for you, which a wife ought to have for her husband.

Sir J. Dor. I am sorry to say it, Mr. Modely, her determination is, I fear, too just. Trust to time

EPILOGUE.

Spoken before the Dance, by ARAMINTA and MODELY.

Araminta.

WELL, ladies, am I right, or am I not?
Should not this foolish passion be forgot;—
This fluttering something, scarce to be exprest,
Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breast?
How mortified he look'd!—and looks so still.——
[Turning to *Modely.*
He really may repent——perhaps he will.——

Modely.

Will, Araminta?——Ladies, be so good,
Man's made of frail materials, flesh and blood.
We all offend at some unhappy crisis,
Have whims, caprices, vanities,—and vices.
Your happier sex, by nature was design'd,
Her last, best work, to perfect humankind.
No spot nor blemish the fair frame deforms,
No av'rice taints, no naughty passion warms
Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you
E'er taught desire to stray.———

Araminta.

———All this is true.
Yet stay;—the men, perchance, may call it sneer,
And some few ladies think you not sincere.

For your petition, whether wrong or right,
Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to-night.
Another time, if I should want a spouse,
I may myself report it to the house:—
At present, let us strive to mend the age;
Let justice reign,—at least upon the stage.
Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,
May learn two lessons from the LOVERS SCHOOL:
While Cælia's choice instructs them how to choose,
And my refusal warns them to refuse.

THE END.

THE

CHOLERIC MAN.

A

COMEDY,

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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MDCCXCIII.

TO

DETRACTION.

HIGH AND MIGHTY SIR,

THE attention, with which you have been pleased to distinguish this inconsiderable production, makes it a duty with me to lay it at your feet. The applauses of the Theatre gave me assurance of its success; but it was your testimony alone, which could inspire me with any opinion of its merit: Nor is it on this occasion only I am to thank you: in whatever proportion I have been happy enough to attract the regards of the public, in the same degree, I have never failed being honoured with yours.

How I have merited these marks of your partiality I am not able to guess. I can take my conscience to witness I have paid you no sacrifice—devoted no time orstudy to your service; nor am a man in any respect qualified to repay your favours. Give me credit, therefore, when I tell you, that your liberality oppresses me. Was I apt to rate my pretensions highly, and presume upon the indulgence of the public, I might have some claim to your favour; but 'till you hear me complain that my reward is not equal to my merit, I pray you let me enjoy my content and my obscurity.

At the same time that I would gladly withdraw myself from your notice, I have no one in my eye whom I would wish to recommend to it. It is my desire to put you at your ease—worn out as you must needs be with the toils of your employment; and I seriously protest to you, that if your silence will be the consequence of mine, I am ready to enter with you into articles whenever you think fit; convinced that I can never benefit mankind so much as by procuring you a lasting repose; nor would you be long to seek for a retreat—there are many market-towns in the country where you may drink your tea in quiet with a reputable set of elderly maidens at a distance from the capital. Above all things I should humbly recommend it to you, to relieve yourself from your labours in the dramatic walk: Consider, sir, the campaign is now opening; I understand it will be an active one; new competitors

will be pressing forward in the field of fame; I could wish you to keep out of their way; enervated as you are by past excesses, you will be ill able to struggle with these young and maiden spirits; but if you must engage, let it, I pray you, be with some of your intimates, if you find any on the ground; and do not pursue those ministerial politics, hitherto adopted by you, of bestowing all your favours on your opposers, and letting your friends go without their reward.

Whilst I am consulting your future repose, do not think I am unmindful of your past renown: It is to you alone, *most mighty sir*, we owe the great encrease of *news papers* (not to mention *magazines*, *reviews*, &c.) in this metropolis. In former times, the world was contented with a stale recital of *foreign and domestic occurrences*—which never came to pass, and a lame account of *casualties*—where no mischief was ever done: now the reader is conveyed under your auspices to the foot of the throne; you have the key that admits him into the cabinets of all the princes in Europe; nay, you can carry him a dance through the air, as familiarly as the lame devil did the scholar of Salamanca, and uncover the roofs of our closets and chambers to his view: The world is not only supplied with a faithful history of the times in our public prints; but every private family, through your means, may meet its own secret *Atalantes*. These are advantages, which some people of confined notions have not clearly understood, and have rashly proceeded to oppose the tyranny of the law against the freedom of the press—pains and penalties have been inflicted—mulcts and imprisonments have been put in force against the conductors of your undertaking; but, thanks to our excellent constitution, you still enjoy your full liberty, though many of your partisans are abridged of theirs.

The personal, political, and literary characters of men are the three great branches of your study. Eminent have been your researches in each; but it is not within the compass of this dedication to follow you through any but the latter—and that in the dramatic division only; and here I observe your ordinary practice hath been as follows:—

When any play, like this now submitted to the public, meets a favourable reception on its first appearance—the very next morning by break of day out comes your manifesto; unravels the whole plot and contrivance of the drama, dissects the characters, detects the plagiarisms, and kindly tells the town what it is to expect; and all this is the dark operation of one midnight hour; while the poor romantic author lies wrapt

perhaps in golden dreams of happiness and success. The consequence of this manifesto is, the clearing up of many mistakes which the public would else be apt to make: They who have been pleased, being told they ought not to have been pleased, go no more and avoid an error in judgment; they who would have gone, stay at home and save their money; the performers, whom success might have made giddy, are now prevented from over-acting their several parts, and seasonably kept down; the author, whom the plaudits of a theatre might have intoxicated to that phrenzy of sensibility, in which we are told that *Philippides the comic poet* * expired, is kept in due regimen, and under no danger of losing the moderate share of senses you allow him: Thus you stand, like the admonishing slave in the triumph, to remind the conqueror that *he is a man*; if therefore the shouts of the people are loud, you halloo in his ear, so as to be heard above the cry—if they are moderate, you whisper; but where the people are silent, the admonition is unnecessary; and whenever your own friends mount the car, your delicacy in their instance is conspicuous, by the profound taciturnity you observe.

In the instance of the present imperfect performance (thus laid at your feet) I have had opportunity to experience your concern for me in a peculiar manner: Ill health, and other melancholy attentions, which I need not explain to you, kept me at a distance from the scene of its decision; on this occasion you redoubled your admonitions—apprehensive, no doubt, that I should give way to the flattering report of my friends; and fearful that I should yield to that weakness, of which the mind, when under the visitation of affliction, is evidently most susceptible.

Nor is this the only error I might have fallen into: I must confess to you I had vainly flattered myself with the design of addressing this comedy—not to you, *high and mighty sir*; but to an amiable and elegant friend; to a lady whose criticisms under favour differ as widely from yours, as *Shakspere* does from the author of the *Choleric Man*. This lady, sir, (whose name I forbear to mention, as it is unknown to you) was called upon in defence of a countryman to enter the lists, though the mildest

* *Philippides quoque Comœdiarum poeta haud ignobilis quam in certamine poetarum, præter spem vicisset, et lætissimè gauderet inter illud gaudium repente mortuus est.*

AULUS GELLIUS iii. xv.

of human beings, with the renowned *Voltaire* (I do not disguise his name from you; because I think on certain subjects—especially where Christianity is concerned, you have sometimes taken part with him.) The spectators of the combat gave the victory to the lady—the action is recorded in pure English; but if you please to turn to the particulars of the attack, which was on her side, you will find it conducted upon principles so opposite to your own, that you will probably differ in opinion from the rest of mankind and give your palm to her antagonist. You I know would have proceeded according to all the rules of modern finesse; sapping, undermining and blowing up; working like a mole out of sight, and over-turning all things in confusion and ruin;—she, in the spirit of ancient times, carried on her approaches in open day-light and above ground, combating with such weapons only, as *Greece* and *Rome* had put into her hands under the plain guidance and direction of her own wit and judgment. To this *lady*, in pure affection and esteem, I had purposed to have inscribed this comedy; but when you told me it was not worthy even of my poor genius, how could I suppose it a fit tribute to hers? She will therefore in the simple phrase, accept the will for the deed; and if she should chance upon refusal to dissent from the opinion you have given in the case, I must beseech her to distrust herself, and to believe there is one quality, very apt to mislead and be misled, which she possesses in a greater degree (if possible) than either wit or judgment: and that is called—pardon my introducing it into your presence—*Benevolence*.

How ridiculous should I have made myself, if, following the false lights of popular applause, I had presented this *heterogeneous* piece (as you are pleased to call it) to one whose genius might have merited the original from whence it pretends to be derived; not the *Squire of Alsatia* I mean, but the *Adelphi of Terence*! With respect to the above-mentioned *Squire*, which I understand is the offspring of Mr. *Shadwell*; if I have ignorantly robbed him of any part of his patrimony, I hope it will not be imputed to me; for I do seriously declare, that to my knowledge I never saw him, or ever had any commerce or acquaintance with him—or knew, till you informed me, that he had so respectable a father: It is to you, therefore, *ingenious sir*, I am indebted for the discovery that I have lost sight of an original which I pretended to have copied; and copied one which I really never saw.

But I would beg leave humbly to observe, that the plot of *Terence* was never in my contemplation. It requires the genius

of Mr. *Mason* to make the Grecian simplicity live on our stage.—I dare not attempt it, even at your command: but if you wish to have it tried, go to your *Terence*, you will find it ingeniously and ably translated, and bring his *Brothers* on the theatre;—I fear even my illegitimate race, if tried by a jury of English freeholders, will oust the representative of the heir apparent, nay the very heir himself, if he was to come in his own person to assert his right.

Athens and *London*, *most mighty sir*, cannot, as I conceive, be easily compared: In your department, I am apprised how much advantage dwells with the latter—in mine we are grievously worsted. I have ventured to hint to you, in the dull prologue I have prefixed, that there were at least fifty comic poets flourishing at one period in *Athens*; and most of these lived to write more plays than all our fraternity now alive put together—tho' you, I believe, may think some of us have already written more than enough. *Menander* *, *learned sir*, you well know, is said to have written eighty; or, according to some, 180 comedies, and that they were all translated by *Terence*: but if we take the testimony of *Apollodorus* †, the number will amount, according to his computation, to 105—and the same authority tells us, that out of these 105 comedies, *Menander* carried away but eight prizes; while *Euripides* ‡, as *Varro* informs us on the other hand, out of 75 tragedies, was victorious only in five. —These instances will suffice to give us some idea of the comparative state of genius in the two places and periods.

Amongst all these plays, and all those poets, which the Athenian stage can boast, I should doubt if you could have found half the employment which our scanty fraternity at home affords you. Be pleased, *learned sir*, to try your skill upon any one of *Aristophanes*'s comedies—take his *Clouds* §, for instance;

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* *Scripsit* (sc. Menander) *Suidâ teste* 80 *Comœdais*, *vel secundum alios* 180, *qui etiam a Terentio conversas esse omnesq. intercidisse asserunt.*

† *Ex istis tamen centum et quinque omnibus*, *solis eum* (*sc. Menandrum*) *octo vicisse idem Apollodorus eodem in libro scripsit.* A. GELL. xvii. iv.

‡ *Euripidem quoq. M. Varro ait quam quinque et septuaginta tragœdias scripserot in quinque solis vicisse.*

§ Νεφέλαι.

if you was literally in the clouds, you could not be more to seek; and unless Dr. *Johnson*, or Mrs. *Carter* will take you by the hand (and how that should be I don't know) you will never get through the fog.——Turn over a fragment of *Philemon* *; what do you think of it? Write a column in the news-papers upon it—is it not as *heterogeneous* a thing as the *Choleric Man*? Cast your eye over those passages of *Diphilus* †—do you see no resemblance to the *Squire of Alsatia*?—It was as well known to *Diphilus* as it is to me.

But there remains a word to be said on some learned animadversions of yours, entitled *An Essay on the Theatre*—in which you profess to draw a *Comparison between Laughing* and *Sentimental Comedy*; and in which you are pleased evidently to point some observations at my comedy of the *Fashionable Lover*: You insinuate, that every blockhead can write *Sentimental* or *pathetic Comedy*—that *Terence* appears to have made the *nearest approaches*; though without confounding the different provinces—and yet that he is reproached by *Cæsar* for wanting the *vis comica*; but *that all the other comic writers of antiquity* take the walk of ridicule, and cautiously avoid encroaching on the confines of tragedy; nay, that *Terence* himself judiciously stops short before he comes to the *downright* ‡ pathetic.

By this specimen of your acquaintance with the *comic writers of antiquity*, *most learned sir*, I suspect that from the great attention you have bestowed upon the moderns, you have had little to spare to their predecessors; for if it is your opinion that *Terence*, of all the ancient comic poets, made the *nearest ap-*

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* *Philemon lived in the time of Alexander the Great—he was a writer of the New Comedy, and is said by Suidas to have written ninety plays.*

† *Diphilus was also a writer of the New Comedy—he wrote* 100 *plays, and some of these, it is said, were copied by Plautus.*

‡ *Terence seems to have made the nearest approaches, yet always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic; and yet he is even reproached by Cæsar for wanting the* vis comica. *All the other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous; but never exalt their characters into buskin'd pomp, or make what Voltaire humorously calls "a tradesman's tragedy."*

ANONY.

proaches to the *pathetic*, I fear you will have an host of authorities to combat. *Varro* * decrees the province of the *Manners* to *Titinnius* and *Terence*; but that of the *pathetic* to *Trabea*, *Attilius*, and *Cæcilius*: You have here three comic poets of the Roman stage—all of which, according to the testimony of *Varro*, the most learned of the Romans, *approached* nearer to the *pathetic* than *Terence*. But let us hear the opinion of *C. Cæsar* in this question, to whom you refer us, and tell us that he *reproached Terence* for being deficient in the *vis comica*; and this no doubt because he had such leanings—such *approaches to the pathetic*—The lines which convey this *reproach* will be found below in the note †. They appear to me to be expressive of a most tender affection and respect to the memory of a favourite author; and I wish, *illustrious sir*, you would think so well of them as to convey your *reproaches* in the like terms—my brethren would not complain; and I should be a great gainer. But let us consider these expressions of *Cæsar*'s; I do not discover any allusion to the *pathetic*: He calls him *puri sermonis amator*—and this indeed accords with *Cicero*'s ‡ description; but I am apt to think that neither in this expression, nor in that of *Lenibus Scriptis* any reference is made to the *pathetic*, and I am strengthened in this opinion by an observation of *Tanaquillus Faber* on this very passage: *Cæsar* § *thought* (says the commentator) *that Terence, in moving the passions, was inferior to some others—which indeed is the case; and Cæsar's opinion is confirmed by the decree of Varro, the most learned of the Romans.* This truly is to the point, if we

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* To ethos *nulli alii servare convenit quam Titinnio et Terentiæ*; Pathe *vero Trabea et Attilius et Cæcilius facilè moverant.* (Varr. de Lat. Sermone.)

† *Tu quoque tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,*
Poneris, et meritò, puri sermonis amator;
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hâc despectus parte jaceres,
Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.

‡ *Quidquid come loquens ac omnia dulcia dicens.*

§ *Nempe hoc sentiebat Terentium in movendis* pathesin *inferiorem quibusdam poetis esse, quod profecto verum est, et judicium Cæsaries sententiâ Varronis, qui Romanorum doctissimus fuit, confirmatur.*

are to credit the authority above-mentioned: and he proceeds to say,—* *Thus you see, that nothing is left to Terence but the manners; the pathetic, which requires force and energy, especially in the comic province, is ascribed to others.* By this reference you see we have not only gained an authority for my interpretation of *Cæsar*'s words; but we have found a learned critic, who is hardy enough to assert, that the *pathetic* is the very essence of the *vis comica*, or in other words, *requires force and energy, especially in the comic province*; the very opposite doctrine to what you, *most learned sir*, have maintained.

So much for *Terence*;—as for *all the other comic writers of antiquity*, I am at a loss to know whether you refer to the whole bulk of them in general—meaning all such of whose writings we have any fragments or descriptions; or whether you mean *all the others*, whose plays have come down to us entire; or in other words, *all the two*, viz. *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*—but we will take a short examination of the case.

If you mean to refer generally to the bulk of Greek and Roman writers of comedy, the question is in part answered by *Varro*, (as above quoted) who declares that *Trabea, Atilius* and *Cæcilius* excelled in *sentimental* or *pathetic* comedy: this will satisfy us as to the Roman stage; the Greek theatre, being original, was more various—comedy took different characters at different periods: *The Ancient Comedy* † was personal and licentious, for then the government of *Athens* was democratical; *Aristophanes, Cratinus, Eupolis, Pherecrates*, and many others rank under this department—they lashed the vices of mankind with singular severity; the generals, judges, treasurers, the people themselves, nay, the most illustrious and most virtuous citizens were not exempt from their satire. Their invectives however were frequently resented; *Eupolis* in particular was cast into the sea and drowned, either because he had satyrized the *Baptæ*—in his comedy so called; or at the command of *Alcibiades*, whom he had lampooned. This circumstance and the transition of power from the people to the nobles introduced that species of comedy called *The Middle* ‡—of this sort we are told was the *Æolosicon* of *Aristo-*

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* *Vides* to ethos *Terentio relictum, nil aliud*: To pathos, *quod vim et impetum postulat, præsertim in genere comico, aliis concedi.*

† *Vetus Comœdia.*

‡ *Media.*

phaxes, the *Ulysses* of *Cratinus*, and many others, which contain no personal invective, but have for the object of their ridicule certain passages in, or allusions to, the ancient poets, or parodies and travesties upon the eminent *tragedies*: thus *Cratinus* in the comedy above-mentioned ridicules the *Odyssey*, and thus the transition was made from person to performance, much to the advantage of society; your transitions, *learned sir*, on the contrary, are often from performance to person. This however is certain, that the writers of the *ancient* or *middle comedy* made few, if any, *approaches* towards the *pathetic*; and so far your assertion is well-founded.

But in the *new comedy* *, of which *Menander* is at the head, the case is widely different: the wits of *Athens* became exceedingly cautious how they indulged their vein for satire, lest by any means their invective might be applied to any of the *Macedonian* princes—late *Alexander*'s generals, of whose power they stood in extreme awe. *Comedy* now assumed an aspect entirely different; the fragments of *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Diphilus*, *Posidippus*, *Apollodorus Gelous* †, and others, consist of moral sententious passages, elegant in their phrase, but grave, and many of them, especially those of *Diphilus*, of a religious cast, as may be seen by refering to them.

Numberless quotations might be adduced to prove this to have been the character and complexion of the *new comedy* under *Menander* and his fraternity. *Quintilian* says of *Menander* that he is *omnibus rebus, personis*, affectubus *accommodatus*. *Dion Chrysostom* ‡ speaking of his stile, says it is *imitatio omnium morum et gratiarum*—and if we may credit *Clemens Alexandrinus* §, many *passages* in *Menander* are copied from the *Hebrew prophets*: and it is remarkable that such were the elegance and

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* *Nova—Novæ Comœdiæ Menander fuit facilè princeps.*

† *The Hecyra and Phormio of Terence are said, by Donatus, to be taken from Apollodorus.*

‡ *Nemq. Menandri imitatio omnium morum et gratiarum omnem superavit veterum comicorum vehementiam.*

§ *Menander novæ comœdiæ princeps unanimiter omnium ore proclamatur, et proinde justare sibi nomine locum vendicare visus est; quonium ipsius sententiæ pleræq. ab Hebræorum vatibus desumptæ, quasi paraphrases quorundam propheticorum dictorum sunt. Testis est Clemens Alexandrinus, lib. 5. στρωματεων.* Jac. Hertel. præfatio.

urbanity of the *Athenian comic poets* under this clas—at least such it appeared to *Cicero*, that he groups them with the *Socratic philosophers*. It will appear therefore that *sentiment* or the *pathetic* in comedy was not neglected by the ancients—that *Terence* so far from having made the *nearest approaches* to the *pathetic*; was accused of being deficient in it, and others for that very reason preferred before him: that with respect to *all the other comic writers of antiquity*, it cannot be asserted that *ridicule* was their sole aim; for though it may in general be so pronounced of the *ancient and middle comedy*, yet the writers of the *new comedy*, (who are by far the most numerous and most celebrated) come by no means under that description. As to the position that *they never exalt their characters into bus-kined pomp*, &c. the ‡ prologue to the very first play in *Plautus*, *learned sir*, will set you right in that particular; wherein *Mercury* announces—not a '*tradesman's tragedy*' indeed; but a *tragi-comedy*.

And now, sir, having addressed you under your general title; do not believe that I mean to mark you out by any particular one: your correspondence with me, you well know, has always been *anonymous*—except in the case of one unhappy gentleman, and he has fled his country. As for you, sir, wherever you inhabit, and whatever is your fortune, I bear you no ill-will; my character I will keep out of your reach; and for my writings I shall not much differ in opinion from you about them: if you pursue the same studies with me, good luck attend you—give your own works a good word, and be silent about mine; for if it shall please the Giver of my life to spare it; I hope soon to present to my countrymen something more worthy of their approbation—and less dependent upon yours.

I am, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.

‡ *Quid contraxistis frontem? quia tragœdiam*
Dixi futuram hanc? PLAUT. AMPH.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. SMITH.

IN Athens once, as classic story runs,
Thalia number'd fifty living sons;
But mark the waste of time's destructive hand!
One bard survives of all this numerous band;
Yet human genius seem'd as 'twould defy
Time's utmost rage by its variety.
For 'twas no wondrous harvest, in those days,
From one rich stock to reap a hundred plays.
Ah! could we bring but one of these to light,
We'd give a hundred such as this to-night.
Rome from her captive took the law she gave,
And was at once her mistress and her slave;
Greece from her fall immortal triumphs drew,
And prov'd her tutelar Minerva true:
She, goddess like, confiding in her charms,
To Mars resign'd the barren toil of arms——
Full well assur'd, when these vain toils were past,
That wit must triumph over strength at last:
Then smiling saw her Athens meet its doom,
And crown'd her in the theatres of Rome;
Nor murmur'd Rome to see her Terence shod
With the same sock in which Menander trod——

Nor Lælius scorn'd, nor Scipio blush'd to sit,
And join their plaudits to Athenian wit.
Micio's mild virtue, and mad Demea's rage,
With burst alternate shook the echoing stage;
And from these models 'tis your poet draws
His best, his only hope of your applause.
A tale it is to chace that angry spleen,
Which forms the mirth and moral of his scene;
A tale for noble and ignoble ear,
Something for fathers and for sons to hear:
And should you on your humbler bard bestow,
That grace which Rome to her's was pleas'd to shew;
Advantage with the modern fairly lies,
Who, less deserving, gains as great a prize.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

ANDREW NIGHTSHADE,	Mr. King.
MANLOVE,	Mr. Aickin.
STAPLETON,	Mr. Packer.
CHARLES MANLOVE,	Mr. Reddish.
JACK NIGHTSHADE,	Mr. Weston.
DIBBLE,	Mr. Baddeley.
GREGORY,	Mr. Moody.
FRAMPTON,	Mr. Waldron.
FREDERICK,	Mr. Wright.

Women.

Mrs. STAPLETON,	Mrs. Hopkins.
LÆTITIA,	Mrs. Abington.
LUCY,	Miss Pope.

THE CHOLERIC MAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MANLOVE's *Chambers.* FRAMPTON *at his Desk.*—*Enter* MANLOVE *as from his Walk*—FRAMPTON *rises, and meets him with some Papers.*

Frampton.

You have lengthened your walk this morning.

Man. Very likely:—The gardens were pleasant, and I believe I have rather exceeded my usual stint.

Fram. —By just one turn upon the terrace.

Man. You measur'd me, I see.—We men of business, Frampton, contract strange habits of regularity.

Fram. —And bachelors too, sir.

Man. Very true, very true:—A wife now and then does put a man a little out of method, I have heard. Is any body waiting?

Fram. No body.

Man. Any cases?

Fram. Several. [*Gives him papers.*

Man. Bless me! was the world of my mind, they would patch up their differences over a bottle, and let the grass grow in our inns of court.——Let me see —what have we got here?—[*Reads.*]—'A defects B 'plucking turnips out of his field, &c.'—Here's a fellow for you!—he'll go to law with the crows for picking worms out of his dunghill:—Prosecute a fellow-creature for a turnip!——A turnip be his damages.

Fram. And his food too—at least till he's a better man.

Man. [*Reading.*] 'Nicholas Swanskin, taylor, in 'Threadneedle-street, would be glad to know how to 'proceed in a legal way against his wife, in a case of 'cohabitancy.'——Had you any fee with this case?

Fram. A light guinea, sir.

Man. 'Tis more than a light woman deserves: Give the taylor his guinea again; bid him proceed to his work, and leave a good-for-nothing wife to go on with hers;—and hark'e, Frampton, you seem to want a new coat—suppose you let him take your measure; —the fellow, you see, would fain be cutting out work for the lawyers.——Send Mr. Dibble hither.—Oh, he is come. [Fram. *retires to his desk.*

Enter DIBBLE *with Papers.*

Mr. Dibble, have you got Miss Fairfax's papers?

Dib. They are in my hand, sir.

Man. Have you copied my opinion upon the will?

Dib. It is ready for signing.

[Dib. *gives him a pen, and* Man. *signs a paper.*

Man. There, sir. You've compar'd it, no doubt. —Put the papers under one enclosure, and carry them to Miss Fairfax's; make my respects, and say I will have the honour of waiting on her this forenoon, and stating some particulars in my opinion that may want explaining.

Dib. I shall, sir.

[*Goes to the table and puts up the papers.*

Man. Are you ready, Frampton? You and I must step to the hall.—How we appear to that spruce gentleman! His father wore a livery;—his sister is waiting-woman to Miss Fairfax, the very lady he is going to in that monkey habit:—Is there no persuading him to suit his dress to his condition?—Believe me, Frampton, there is much good sense in old distinctions: When the law lays down its full-bottom'd perriwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of. [*Exit* Man. *and* Fram.

Dib. What a damn'd queer figure old Frampton makes of himself? I must never shew him at our Sunday's club—never. The counsellor's little better: —It does well enough for chamber practice, but he couldn't walk the hall in that wig:—It's nothing now unless a good club of hair peeps under the tye. I hope shortly to see the day when Westminster-hall shall be able to count queus with the parade. [*He sits down. A knocking at the door.*]—Who's at the door? Come in:—You expect now I should rise and

open it: not I, in faith, do that office for yourself, or stay where you are.—Ah, Gregory, is it you! what wind blew you hither? what witch brought you at her back?

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. No witch, but an old bone-setting mare, with a heavy cloak-bag at her crupper, that has play'd a bitter tune upon my ribs. Where's his honour, Master Dibble?

Dib. Out.—Give me hold of thy hand, old boy. What's the best news in your parts? Hav'n't earth'd old Surly-Boots yet?

Greg. Earth'd him! no such luck; he's a tough morsel. He's above ground, as my head can testify. [*Shews his scull.*

Dib. Why that's action and battery with a vengeance.

Greg. Battery!—he knows the strength of my scull, as well as a sand man knows the back of his ass, and cudgels it as often: but he's hard at hand—When will his honour, Manlove, be at home?

Dib. Presently, presently. What brings your old blade hither?

Greg. The old errand: a little bit of law; a small jig to the tune of John Doe and Richard Roe; that's all.

Dib. Plaintiff, I bet five to one. But how does my playmate, Jack? how fares it with young Hopeful?

Greg. Gads-my-life, well remember'd! here's a writing for you: 'tis a merciless scrawl to be sure: he's not at all come on in his running-hand, not at all; no, tho' I talk to him, and talk to him, and tell him what a fine young man his brother Charles is here, Mr. Manlove I must call him now; for his honour, I am told, since his return from travel, has nominated him afresh after himself, hasn't he, Master Dibble?

Dib. Ay, ay; 'twas done last sessions; he's no longer Charles Nightshade, but Charles Manlove, Esq. and a brave estate he's got by the exchange.

Greg. All these things I ding into the ears of our young scape-grace, Jack; but I might as well whistle the birds from the sky, as talk him out of his tricks; mobbing with the carter-fellows, and scampering after the maids: all the while too the arch knave contrives to blind the eyes of old Choleric, his father, sitting as demure as a cat, 'till he is fairly in for his evening's nap, then away goes he, like hey-go-mad, all the parish over. Well, have you made out his letter?

Dib. I'll attempt to read it to you.

'Dear Pickle,

'Old Choleric is setting off for London, and thinks 'to leave me in the country, but it won't do: must 'have another brush with the lads at the Bear: in-'tend to be at brother Charles's on Wednesday at

'noon, where you'll meet me. Old Trusty carries 'this, and understands trap: mum's the word.

'Thine,

'JOHN NIGHTSHADE.'

So you are privy to this trip, Gregory.

Greg. To be sure, Master Dibble; we are all of his side: there is not a servant would peach, if he was to commit murder amongst 'em.

Dib. Indeed! But hold, here is more over the leaf. 'Gregory says I was of age last Lammas, if you know 'of ever a clean tight wench, that will take me out 'of old Choleric's clutches, I don't care if I buckle 'too for life. N. B. She must have the Spanish, or 'the bait won't take.'

So, so! he's for a wife you see: has he ever talk'd to you in this strain?

Greg. Now and then; but I always tell him 'tis time to think of marrying when the old badger is in the earth.

Dib. Pooh! you're to blame: we'll make a man of him; we'll set him up with a wife. I have a girl in my eye! a friend of my own—provided you will bear a hand in the business.

Greg. Bear a hand, Master Dibble! You are a lawyer and can take care of yourself; I'm a poor servant and have a character to lose.

Dib. Well, well; but if I pay you for your character, and your service into the bargain—every thing has its price you know.

Greg. To be sure, there's no denying that: but, hark! here comes his honour Manlove.

Dib. Enough—Where are you lodg'd?

Greg. At Mr. Stapleton's, in New Broad-Street; I'm going thither after I've seen the Counsellor.

Dib. Better and better still: I'm going thither too, and will wait for you below in the square: we can discuss my scheme by the way. [*Exit.*

Greg. What a sharp bitten vermin it is! Ah! these lawyers have all their wits about 'em.

Enter MANLOVE.

Man. What, Gregory! and without thy master? Where's my brother Nightshade? Thou and he are seldom parted, I believe.

Greg. Troth, sir, I hope heaven will take some consideration of that, and set off the sins of my youth against the suffering of my old age. The 'squire is at hand.

Man. Well, and what business calls him up to town?

Greg. Please your honour he is fallen out with our parson.

Man. About tythes?

Greg. Lack-a-day! he has been non-suited upon that score over and over—'Tis about game.

Man. Game, quotha! if he comes to talk to me about hares and partridges, Gregory, I won't hear of it: such laws, and such law-suits are the disgrace of the country—I won't hear a word upon the subject.

Greg. It's quite a breach; he has totally left off going to church himself, and forbade all his family; nay, what's more, he has broke his back-gammon tables, only because the parson taught him the game. Mercy o' me, that ever your honour and my old master should be born of the same mother.

Man. Of the same mother, but very different fathers, Gregory: doom'd from early youth to a life merely mercantile, his days have been pass'd between a compting-house at Rotterdam, and the cabbin of a Dutch dogger; precious universities! One son, indeed, he allowed me to rescue from his hands, and to him I have given a public education; the other poor lad has been a bird of his own breeding.

Greg. And a precious bird he is! such another lapwing! skitting here, and skitting there; sometimes above, sometimes below: no wonder he's so wild when his schooling has been under the hedges; but I hear my old master on the stairs. Good morning to your honour—I must budge onwards to Mr. Stapleton's. [*Exit.*

Man. Gregory, good morning.

Enter ANDREW NIGHTSHADE.

A. Night. [*Speaks as he enters.*] I tell you, fellow, there's your fare: I'll not give you a farthing over. A hard shilling indeed!—a hard coach if you please! —Brother Manlove, your servant! This town grows worse and worse; no conscience, no police—if I was not the most patient man alive, such things would

turn my brain—Brother Manlove, I say your servant.

Man. Brother Andrew, you are welcome. You seem'd a little ruffled, so that I waited for its subsiding, and now give me your hand: I am glad to see you in town, provided the occasion be agreeable.

A. Night. I think the law has a proviso for every thing: your compliment sets off, like the preamble of a statute, and you conclusion limps after like the clause at the tail of it. So you keep your old apartments, and as slovenly as ever—Lincoln's-Inn and the law—so runs your life. A turn upon the Terrace after breakfast, a mutton chop for dinner at the Rolls, and the evening paper at the Mount, wind up your day.

Man. A narrow scale, I own; but whether it be that I was made too small for grandeur, or grandeur be too small for happiness, I never could entertain both guests together; so I took the humblest of the two, and left the other for my betters.

A. Night. Ay, 'tis too late to alter; 'twou'd be a vain endeavour to correct your temper at these years —By the way, brother, your stair-case is the dirtiest I ever set my foot upon.

Man. So long as we have clean dealings within, our clients will make no complaint. Your's, I warrant, was neater at Rotterdam?

A. Night. Neater! 'tis a matter of astonishment to me, how you that have a plentiful estate, can make

yourself a slave to business, and drudge away your life in such a hole as as this!

Man. True, Andrew, 'twas unreasonable; but as I have now made over the best part of my estate to your son, so I think I have answered the best part of your objection.

A. Night. You shall excuse me—all the world cries out upon your folly; you are apt to be a little hasty, else I should be free to tell you, you have made yourself ridiculous; and what is worse—brother Charles, I speak to you as a father, you have undone my son.

Man. How so? have I confin'd him in his education?

A. Night. No, faith; the scale on which you've finish'd him is wide enough to take in vice and folly at full size: his principles won't cramp their growth. At school he was grounded in impudence, the University confirm'd him in ignorance, and the grand tour stock'd him with infidelity and bad pictures—such has been his education.

Man. But you, in your wisdom, pursued a different course with your younger son.

A. Night. I bred him as a rational creature should be bred, under the rod of discipline, under the lash of my own arm; I gave him a sober, frugal, godly training; and mark the difference between them—Your fellow lives here in this great city, in a round of pleasures, in the front of the fashion, squandering and revelling;—Mine abides patiently in the country, toiling and travailing; early at his duty, sparing at

his meals, patient of fatigue; he hears no music as Charles does, purchases no fine pictures, lolls in no fine chariot, befools himself with no fine women; no, thank my stars, I've rescued one of my boys; Jack at least walks in the steps of his father.

Man. I hope he will; better principles I cannot wish him; but methinks, Andrew, a little more knowledge of the world——

A. Night. Knowledge of the world, Brother Charles! who knows so much? Belike you never heard then I had made three trips to Shetland, in a herring-buss, before you was born! have been three time charter'd to Statia for muscovadoes; twice to Zante for currants, and made one voyage to Bencoolen for pepper.

Man. Yes, and that pepper-voyage runs in your blood still.

A. Night. So much the better; it will preserve my wits, it will season my understanding from such fly-blown folly as your's. Zooks! you to talk of knowledge of the world! where should you come by it? upon Clapham-Common? upon Bansted-Downs? Did you ever see the pike of Teneriffe, the rock of Gibraltar, or even the bishop and his clerks? I know 'em all, your charts, and your coasting-pilots; I have been two nights and a day upon a sandbank in the Grecian Islands; and do you talk to me of knowledge of the world?

Man. Let us change the subject then—you have not told me what brings you out of the country.

A. Night. Because there's no abiding in it; what with refractory tenants, poaching parsons, enclosing 'squires, navigation schemes, and turnpike meetings, there's no keeping peace about me; no, tho' I've commenc'd fourteen suits at law, besides bye-battles at quarter-sessions, courts leet, and courts baron, innumerable.

Man. Indeed!

A. Night. No sooner do I put my head out of doors, but instantly some fellow meets me with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, or a fishing-rod in his hand, or a grey-hound at his horse's heels, and all to disturb and destroy my property.

Man. I say property! let your game look after themselves. Do you call a creature property, that lights upon my lands to day, upon your's to-morrow, and the next perhaps in Norway? I reprobate all quarrels about guns, and dogs, and game; for my part I am pleas'd to see an Englishman with arms, whether he bears 'em for his own amusement, or for my defence.

A. Night. 'Tis mighty well! I am a fool to waste my time with you; I shall look after my own game, in my own way; you may watch your's, the sparrows here in the garden, or the old duck in the fountain in the square; your science goes no farther, so your servant; if you want me, I shall be found at Mr. Stapleton's in New Broad-street.

Man. Hold, hold, I'm going there; I've business

at Mr. Stapleton's; my chariot's at the door—I'll carry you. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Here, take this note to Mr. Manlove.

A. Night. Ay, that's your puppy; my name wasn't good enough it seems; but positively I'll not see him; if you bring him to me 'tis all in vain; I positively will not bear him in my presence. [*Exit.*

Man. That ever such a monster should exist, as an unnatural father! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in CHARLES MANLOVE'S *House. Enter* CHARLES MANLOVE, *and* FREDERICK.

Ch. Man. Mr. Manlove dines with me to-day; lay two covers in the little parlour, and bid the cook be punctual to his hour.

Fred. To a minute, sir. If Mr. Manlove dines here, dinner will be serv'd precisely as the clock is striking.

Ch. Man. Set out the dumb waiter, and tell the men they need not attend.

Fred. [*Goes to the door and speaks.*] Sir, you cannot come in; my master is not to be spoken with: where are you pushing?

Ch. Man. What's the matter, Frederick?

Fred. A country-like fellow says he must be ad-

mitted to speak with you in private; he will not be kept out—— [*Pulls the door to, and enters.*

Ch. Man. And why should he?

Fred. I don't know; I cannot say I like his looks; I never saw a more suspicious person.

Ch. Man. Well, let him in, however.

[Fred. *opens the door.*

Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.

Fred. He has the Tyburn marks about him. [*Aside.*

Ch. Man. Brother!

Fred. Gad so, I'm wrong; I'll e'en make off. [*Exit.*

J. Night. Hush! hush! don't blow me! snug's the word; close, close, and under the wind.

Ch. Man. I protest I scarce knew you, Jack; what brings you to town?

J. Night. Six hours, and as bright a gelding as ever was lapt in leather.

Ch. Man. But what's your business? did your father send you up?

J. Night. He send me up! where have you liv'd to ask the question? No, he has brought himself hither, and I stole a march after him: a freak; a frolick, that's all. Didlikins! what a flaming house you live in! Oh, I give you joy, brother; Uncle Manlove has clapt a new name upon you. Old Surly knows nothing of this trip. I had much ado to get to the speech of you: you've a mortal parcel of fine fellows below in your hall. But you are not angry at my coming? you'll not peach, I hope?

Ch. Man. Honour forbid! Thy lot, my dear boy, has been severe enough.

J. Night. Severe! there's been no scarcity of that, I warrant you; there's not a crab-stock in the neighbourhood, but what my shoulders have had a taste of its fruit. Oh, you've a rare lot, Charles! a happy rogue! Look at me—Who wou'd think you and I were whelps of the same breed? You are as my lady's lap-dog; I am rough as a water-spaniel; be-daggled and be-mir'd, as if I had come out of the fens with wild fowl: why I have brought off as much soil upon my boots only, as wou'd set up a Norfolk farmer.

Ch. Man. Well, well, Jack, we'll soon get thee into better trim.

J. Night. Then you must thrust me into a case of your own, for I've no more coats than skins: father, to be sure, keeps it well dusted; but methinks I shou'd be strangely glad to see myself a gentleman for one hour or two.

Ch. Man. What can I do for you? your father you say is in town; a discovery wou'd be fatal: do you know where he is lodg'd?

J. Night. Not I truly; but my amusements lead to places, where I shou'd be sure not to meet him: only one night, dear Charles, and I'll be back again in the country; think what a life mine is; compare it with your own, and I'm sure you won't grudge me one day's frolick and away.

Ch. Man. I grudge you! no—I wish you cou'd

enjoy a brother's share in all my happiness, in all my fortune: submit, however, to the necessity of your affairs with a good grace; humour the peculiarities of your father, and command me upon all worthy occasions.

J. Night. Why that's hearty, that's friendly now. Give me hold of your hand. Boddikins, I was afraid you would have turned your back on me, now you have jumped into such a fortune; but I see you are as honest a lad as ever:—By the way, father was in a damned hue at your changing your name—fierce as a panther; no man dare enter his den.—But you say you'll rig me out for a day; give me a good launch, Charles, and I warrant I'll find a harbour.

Ch. Man. There's my purse, Jack, it contains enough to spend, and some to throw away: Frederick commands the wardobe; if you find any thing to your mind, take it; if not, convene my taylor, he'll equip you in an instant:—Follow your propensities, but take a little discretion to your aid; your nature has not had much pruning, and till experience, shall have cleared the path of life, pleasure may be apt to spread some snares in your way, that may cost you sorrow to escape from.

J. Night. Humph! in all twenty and five guineas! ——What was you saying last, brother?

Ch. Man. Only throwing away a little good advice upon you, Jack—that's all.

J. Night. I thank you; I have a pretty considerable stock of that upon my hands already; one good

thing at a time. [*Looking at the money.*] How much of this money must you take back again?

Ch. Man. 'Tis all at your service, and more, if your occasions require it.

J. Night. Are you serious! Is it possible! 'Sbud I don't know, I can't tell what I should do in your case, but I'm afraid I could never have the heart to give you as much.—Drown it! what pity 'tis that old Crusty hadn't some of your spirit. May I spend it all, and won't you require an account of it?

Ch. Man. Not unless you choose to give it me.

J. Night. Give me a kiss, give me a kiss, my dear, dear brother! enjoy your good fortune and welcome, I perceive a man hasn't half so much envy in his heart when his pocket's full of money. Come, I'll go change my dress. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

STAPLETON'S *House.* MRS. STAPLETON *and* LÆTITIA *at Breakfast;—Enter* MR. STAPLETON.

Mr. Stapleton.

A MERCHANT'S wife, and not breakfasted before this! fye upon you, Dolly; these are new fashions, these are courtly customs; let us stick to the city, and the old city hours. And this idle jade, Lætitia, loves her pillow better than she does her prayers.——Come,

come, away with your crockery:—Old Andrew Nightshade will be with you before you are aware.

Mrs Stap. There is another room ready for his reception. I am afraid my dear husband will find this old man's peevishness more than even his good nature can put up with.

Mr. Stap. Why haven't you kept my patience then in better exercise?—but never fear.——Lætitia, you are to have a visit from Counsellor Manlove this morning: Have you perused the papers he sent you?

Læt. I have.

Mr. Stap. And what do they tell you?

Læt. What I can truly testify, that Mr. Stapleton has been the best of guardians.

Mr. Stap. I say the best!—half the trading world would call me a very bad one; when you come to sum up the accounts of your education, hussy, I expect you will file a bill against me for waste and embezzlement.

Læt. For misapplication perhaps; the only objectionable part of your accounts will be the subject of them.

Mrs. Stap. For shame, Lætitia Fairfax! you well know you've been the pride and pleasure of our lives.

Mr. Stap. When she was my ward, she dare not make so free with herself; now she is her own mistress, she must do as she will: My authority is expired.

Læt. Rather revived in so much fuller force, by

how much more I'm bound to you by love than law.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Nightshade is below, sir:—Counsellor Manlove to wait upon Miss Fairfax.

Læt. Where have you shown him?

Serv. He is in the drawing-room.

Læt. I'll wait on him directly. [*Exit Serv.*

Mr. Stap. A word before we part. Mr. Manlove will inform you of certain restrictions you are under, by your good father's will, in the article of marriage: If the subject should lead him, as possibly it may, to name his nephew Charles to you, in truth, my dear Lætitia, I do not know, in all this town, a young man of whom report speaks so advantageously.

Læt. Mr. Manlove's business with me is of a very different sort.

Mr. Stap. Perhaps not; therefore remember what I say.

Læt. I never can forget the respect that is due to your opinion. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Stap. Have you any reason to think Mr. Manlove means to propose for his nephew?

Mr. Stap. I'll tell you more of that hereafter; we must now welcome old Nightshade with as good a grace as we can: He is an honest man, though a humoursome one, and was, for many years, a very steady correspondent of mine at Rotterdam.—We

merchants must not overlook our friends, whatever our betters may think fit to do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CHARLES MANLOVE'S *House.* *Enter* JACK NIGHTSHADE, *finely appareled, followed by* DIBBLE.

J. Night. Come along, Dibble, come along.—Dear lovely and delicious lady fortune, who has put clothes upon my back, and cash into my pocket! thou know'st I never slander'st thee, never called thee jilt or gipsey, when I've seen thee perched upon thy wheel, and feeding thy fools by handfuls;—give me now the rest of thy blessing, love, pleasure, and good fellowship! May the lads I am to meet be frolicksome, and lasses free!—and never let my poor little defenceless wherry come athwart that old Dutch dogger, my father, till 'tis safe in harbour, and all hands ashore.

Dib. Well said, 'squire;—where, in the name of wonder, did you find this rhapsody?

J. Night. Why, did you never see the picture of fortune, mounted on a wheel, with a bandage over her eyes, tossing money to the mob, like a parliament man?—Gregory has the print in his pantry—you may buy the whole moral for a penny.

Dib. I protest, Jack, you are not only grown a beau in your brother's fine clothes; but a wit into the bargain.

J. Night. Pshaw! I am merry enough when my belly's full, and father asleep; but what signifies a poor fellow's being witty, when there's nobody to laugh at his jokes? 'Tis the money in my pocket, Dibble, not the clothes on my back, makes me a wit; and when the wine mounts into my noddle, I shall be wittier still.

Dib. Time will shew.——But hark'e, 'squire Jack, before you pass yourself off for a man of fashion, shouldn't you practise the carriage and conceits of one?

J. Night. I shall be glad to learn.

Dib. Be ruled by me; I will give you a few lessons shall set you up for a fine gentleman in a minute.—Look at me—that's well: Stare me full in the face—ay, that will do—you've impudence enough for the character—that's a main point gain'd: Now walk across the room.

J. Night. Walk!—why, that's easy enough I hope.

Dib. Hold—not so fast;—there you are out:—walk trippingly, thus, d'ye see, with a lazy loitering air,—not a league at a stride, with your head playing like the pole of a coach, so. [*Mimicking.*]——When you enter a room, take no notice of any body in it make your way strait to the chimney, turn your back to the fire, pull away the flaps of your clothes, and display your person to the ladies who are sitting round; when their teeth begin to chatter with the cold, throw yourself carelesly into a chair, tuck your hands into your muff, and never open your lips for the rest of

the afternoon—'twill gain respect in every house you enter.

J. Night. Well, well, Dibble, this is all easy enough: I shall be most at a loss for the lingo—what would your worship have me say when I'm amongst my betters?

Dib. Nothing, I tell you.

J. Night. Nothing!—how the deuce then shall I shew my wit?

Dib. By holding your tongue:—never to speak yourself, nor smile at any thing spoken by another; reserve your wit for your creditors, they'll keep it in exercise:—not but what there are other occasions for a man of fashion, to shew his parts; as for instance, with a woman of modesty you may be witty at the expence of her blushes; or with a parson at the expence of his profession:—These are cheap methods—be at no pains in the account, decency and religion will pay all costs, and you'll be clear of the courts.

J. Night. You need not tell me that; why I play'd a thousand tricks upon our vicar, and as for modest women as you call them, I don't know much of them; but I know my tongue runs fast enough when I am amongst the maids, I can set the whole kitchen in a roar—But come, let's sally: Now do you mind. Dibble, don't you be calling me 'squire, and 'squire Jack, and Jack Nightshade; but let it be sir, and your honour, and all that.

Dib. Trust to me for setting you off in those fine clothes—let me see—what shall we say you are?

J. Night. Say I'm a young West Indian just come from my canes.

Dib. Ay, or a young nobleman just succeeded to your honours—'twill account for your want of education.

J. Night. No, hang it, a better thought strikes me—call me Mr. Manlove.

Dib. Mr. Manlove! why do you take your brother's name?

J. Night. For the same reason that I take his clothes—because it fits me: If I leave him the estate that came with it, why mayn't I change names as well as he?

Dib. Because he changed by act of parliament, and you by act of your own.

J. Night. Act of parliament! 'egad they'll change people's sexes by-and-by; why they'll turn a wife into a maid by act of parliament as readily as a common into an enclosure.

Dib. Yes, but it generally remains common for the life of the proprietor.

J. Night. Nan!—How must I carry my hat, Dibble? thus, under my arm? this damn'd barber has thrust his black skewers through my ears.—Look out and tell me if the man has called a coach.

Dib. 'Tis waiting, sir.

J. Night. A plague upon this spit! 'tis as heavy as a fowling pouch, and jingles like a pair of dog-couples; an oak-stick is worth two of it. Have you cautioned the servants about my name?

Dib. 'Tis done, your honour.

J. Night. 'Tis done, your honour—your honour is obeyed: Come along, Dibble, let your honour go before, and law follow after.

Dib. Ay, but when law is at your heels, have a care it does not overtake you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment. Enter MANLOVE *and* CHARLES.

Man. Her mother was a Sedley, of a respectable family, and an accomplished lady; her father was a trader of fair character and principal, in the house now conducted with such credit by her guardian Stapleton; her fortune is considerable; I mention that to you, as I think any great disproportion on either side in that particular is to be avoided.

Ch. Man. Equal alliances to be sure are best.

Man. And this would be of all most equal, for I verily think you have not a virtue, of which Miss Fairfax does not possess the counterpart: By the way, Charles, you will not like her the worse for being no inconsiderable proficient in your favourite art, painting.

Ch. Man. I have heard her performance very highly commended: Your report makes me ambitious of being known to her; and so, my dear sir, I promise you, in the words of your favourite poet,

I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

I'll take my heart to counsel, for I know you ask no sacrifice.

Man. No, Charles, 'twas to make you free, not to rob you of your freedom, that I gave you a fortune; if I throw your inclination into fetters, 'twill be poor satisfaction that I gilt them over afterwards.

Ch. Man. In that assurance I will proceed in this affair after my own humour; for as I wish to have an opportunity of seeing this fair paintress in her natural colours, I must devise some method of conversing with her at my ease.

Man. At your ease? what prevents you?

Ch. Man. The declaration you made to her this morning; I dread the artificial graces which young women are too apt to put on, when they act under observation; so quiet, so chastised, so infinitely obliging: We think them meek as lambs; marry them, and they change to mountain cats. Such women remind me of decayed ships newly painted; the outside is inviting; embark, and they conduct you to the grave.

Man. Well, Charles, if you embark your hopes upon this venture, I think I may insure you happiness, though the voyage is for life.

Ch. Man. Where can I find a better policy? However if I could meet her without her knowing me—in the way of her art now—can you tell me, is she visited by our best masters?

Man. By all foreigners as well as natives; there is no fame without her approbation; not a grace is stampt without her fiat.

Ch. Man. Under favour, are not these extraordinary accomplishments to acquire in the family of a trader.

Man. Not at all; beware how you apply French ideas to English Merchants: Where nature bestows genius edudation will give accomplishments; but where the disposition is wanting, the blood of a duchess cannot make a gentlewoman.

Ch. Man. Was she ever out of England?

Man. I have been told she was near two years in Italy with a family of distinction.

Ch. Man. It is enough; I have my cue: I think I shall fall upon a method of introducing myself to her acquaintance without a discovery. I can pass examination in the art of painting very tolerably.

Man. Take your own course; I have no right to advise; I am poor authority in affairs of love. Good afternoon to you. Nay, Charles, no ceremony; I thought we had agreed upon that. Your servant.

[*Exit.*

Ch. Man. Your most obedient—Here, who waits?

Enter FREDERICK.

Frederick, look out my travelling frock—you know which I mean.

Fred. The suit you had made at Lyons.

Ch. Man. No, 'twas at Milan: The green camblet: Bring it to me in the dressing-room. Make haste.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment. *Enter* MR. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE, *followed by* FRAMPTON.

A. Night. Come along, Mr. What's-your-name: Enter without more ceremony, I beseech you—An old formal blockhead!

Fram. I attend you, sir, by order of Mr. Manlove, touching a case wherein you have consulted him.

A. Night. That's true, that's true; it is the pigeon-house case—I gave it him this morning: It it usual for you lawyers to be so nimble with your answers?

Fram. It is not unusual with Mr. Manlove.

A. Night. Well, and what thinks he of the case?

Fram. The case is a clear case.

A. Night. I am glad to hear it heartily.

Fram. In other words, it is a case clear to be apprehended: it hath reference to a pigeon-house, built and erected in a certain field, commonly known by the name of the Vicar's Homeshade. '*Quære:* 'Standeth not the said pigeon-house within the 'manorial rights of Calves-Town, and in that case 'may not you, Andrew Nightshade, Esq. lord of 'said manor, remove, or cause to be removed, said 'vicar's pigeon-house.'

A. Night. Pull down, erase, destroy, and level with the ground; these are my words. Now give me the opinion.

Fram. He has given no opinion.

A. Night. No opinion! what the plague is this your errand? Am I to be made a fool of?

Fram. To his clients Mr. Manlove gives opinions; to his friends advice. He wishes you to let the pigeon-house stand where it does.

A. Night. A fig for what he wishes.

Fram. However, if you're so determined, he does not deny but you may pull it down.

A. Night. Why that's enough. Then down it goes: I'll sow the land with salt.

Fram. Nevertheless, he wills me to tell you, that this must be done *tuo periculo*, as the saying is; for if your conscience does not prevent you from pulling it down; the law will make you build it up again.

A. Night. The law has made a fool of you, methinks: Why, what the deuce do you blow hot and cold in the same breath? Is this the way you treat your clients? Am I to be fobb'd off thus by an old methodical piece of clock-work, by a stiff starcht limb of the law, a cutter of goose quills, and a scraper of parchments? No: Evacuate my chamber. Tell your principal I'll none of his advice; I value his opinion not a rush: Shall I be taught and tutored at these years? I'm sure I am an older man, and I believe a wiser than himself—so tell him, Master Frampton.

Fram. Have you no other commands for me than these?

A. Night. Pooh!

Fram. I am your obedient—Good evening to your honour. [*Exit.*

A. Night. Now why the devil won't that fellow be in a passion? he'll no more be put out of temper, than a German postillion will out of his pace—So, Gregory! what news? have you found out the attorney.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Your honour shall hear the whole proceeding: At Thavies Inn I first got scent of him, threw off, and took the drag as far as Shoe-Lane; there he hung cover; I had a warm burst to the Fleet; hunted him through Turn-again-Lane to the Old Bailey; got an entapis, and run into him in Labour-in-vain-Court, Old Fish-Street-Hill——

A. Night. Well, and what says he to the prosecution?

Greg. For some time he said nothing; for when I first arrived he was on a visit to a friend under sentence of death in Newgate: however, after a while he came home, and then——

A. Night. What said he then? to the point, dunce.

Greg. Why he said, an please your honour, he would have nothing to do with the business: There's no credit to be got by such prosecutions; if it had been on a criminal indictment indeed—but he won't be concerned in any vexatious suit about the game; humanity won't suffer him.

A. Night. Humanity indeed! was ever the like

heard? But, sirrah, this is all a lie of your own inventing, and your bones shall answer for it.

[*Threatning to cane him.*

Enter STAPLETON.

Stap. Keep the peace, in the king's name! what's the matter now, friend Andrew?

A. Night. Why this sot would fain have me believe, that a Newgate solicitor will refuse a suit upon motives of humanity: A likely tale indeed! He comes home from the society of a condemn'd melafactor, and scruples levying the penalty against a poaching parson. What would the noblemen and gentlemen, associated for the preservation of our game, say to that?

Stap. Who cares what they would say? What have men of businets to do with such disputes?

A. Night. Men of business! I have no business: I left off trade, thank Heaven, in time: You'll stay till it has left off you.

Stap. Why so? Our warehouses are as full, our commissions as many, our credit as good as ever: What do you see about us makes you prophecy so ill?

A. Night. I tell you, sir, your trade is ebbing fast away in every quarter of the globe. Look out and satisfy yourself; but I have done, 'tis no concern of mine—What are your treaties with the Portuguese? waste paper; linings for old trunks to carry home refuse goods, that they return upon your hands. Another man would flatter you; but I'm your friend; I let you know these things in time.

Stap. A most considerate precaution, truly.

A. Night. I have now no leisure for conversations of this nature, but I would ask a thinking man, what must be the fate of our Turkey trade?—Undone. You've burn't their ships, it seems,—now you may burn your own; you'll have no further call for them, unless you send them to your colonies, to air your goods and exercise your sailors—but I've something else to think of.——Gregory, my hat!—I'm staying here too long.——Your servant Mr. Stapleton—remember I have told you now, I've let you know your danger.———

Stap. And in the tenderest manner; you are the kindest friend! If we are ruin'd, you'll have nothing to regret.——Your servant—we shall meet again at supper.——

A. Night. I just stept back to tell you that your weavers are all rising: I fell in with a large party of them in the streets:—Your people migrating by thousands:—What! men must not starve.——I hint this to you gently, and in pure good will;—I have no interest to serve——and so your servant for an hour or two—I'll tell you more when I return.——Oh, if I was a man to turn the gloomy side of things upon you, I could draw a melancholy picture truly! [*Exit.*

Stap. The man who tells me a distasteful lye, in some sort may be said to recommend the truth; but he who, like old Nightshade, makes the truth offensive, recommends a lye. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment. *Enter* LÆTITIA *and* LUCY.

Læt. Lucy, come hither—you have a brother, I think, who is one of counsellor Manlove's clerks.

Lucy. I have madam; and though I say it, as promising, genteel, well-spoken a young man as you would wish to set your eyes on;—he's my only brother, ma'am.

Læt. Let that be an excuse for your forwardness. ——I am not enquiring into his character.

Lucy. If you did, ma'am, I assure you it will stand the strictest enquiry;—my papa gave us both an education.——

Læt. Your papa!—let it be father in your mouth, if I might advise you.

Lucy. Humph!——There's a person wants to speak with you.

Læt. What person?

Lucy. A person from abroad—a painting man, I believe; he says he has a recommendation to you—there are many such call here.

Læt. If he has any letter of recommendation, desire he will be pleased to send it in. [*Exit* Lucy.] I cannot reconcile myself to this methodical course of proceeding; in the name of all that's happy, let our inclinations get the start of our proposals; if I could meet this Mr. Manlove naturally, and without form;

if we were then to single out each other by the guidance of no other monitor than the heart, and if a thousand ifs besides were all to prove realities, a happy alliance might suceeed; but to be turn'd into a room to undergo the profest survey of a man, who comes upon a visit of liking, is insupportably humiliating. It may well be said of some fathers, that they drive a Smithfield bargain for their daughters, when with butcherlike insensibility they shew 'em out for sale like cattle in a market. [*Lucy returns.*

Lucy. The gentleman presents his respects to you, and desires you to peruse this letter; I think he is altogether as personable a young man as I would wish to see. [*Gives the letter.*

Let. Sure you forget yourself!—let me see—from Counsellor Manlove!—what is this?

'Madam,

'The bearer of this letter, is a young man in 'whose prosperity I am warmly interested. He is 'lately return'd from Italy, where he has made some 'proficiency in the art of which you are a mistress; 'and as I flatter myself you will find him not un-'worthy, I beg leave to recommend him to your 'protection and esteem. When my nephew has the 'honour of being known to you, he can give you 'fuller satisfaction in this young man's particular 'than I can; in the mean time I venture to add, 'that Mr. Manlove will consider every favour you

'bestow in this instance, as conferr'd upon himself.
'I have the honour to be, madam,

'Your most obedient,

'And most humble servant,

'CHARLES MANLOVE.'

Where is the gentleman? introduce him directly.

[*Exit* Lucy.

Re-enter LUCY *with* CHARLES.

Læt. Your humble servant, sir: you are the gentleman referr'd to in this letter——

Ch. Man. I am the person, madam. What a lovely young woman! [*Aside.*

Læt. You are lately from Italy: where did you principally pursue your studies?

Ch. Man. At Rome: I visited Florence, Bologna, Venice, and other places; but I regard Rome as the grand repository of the antique, and for that reason I made my principal residence there.

Læt. To what branch of the art did you chiefly direct your attention?

Ch. Man. To the study of beauty, madam; and that in its simplest forms: a Laocoon, a Hercules, or a Caracalla may astonish, but it is a Faustina, a Venus, an Apollo that delights, that ravishes—But I am speaking to you on a subject of which you are both by art a mistress, and an example by nature.

Læt. Upon my word! [*Aside.*] Come, sir; we are here in the way of the family: allow me to shew

you into another apartment. [*She stops.*] Was young Mr. Manlove at Rome when you was?

Ch. Man. He was.

Læt. I understand he has a very great regard for you.

Ch. Man. I hope I shall not forfeit his good opinion.

Læt. It does you much honour: all the world speaks highly of Mr. Manlove. I'll shew you the way.

Ch. Man. Charming girl! I am in love with her at first sight.

Lucy. So, so! a very promising beginning. As sure as can be there's something in the wind about this Manlove: I suspect the letter to be a fetch; and as for this painter, I am mistaken, if he is not some how or other in the secret—'tis a mighty pretty fellow.—Ah, brother Dibble, I am glad to see you. How goes the world with you?

Enter DIBBLE.

Dib. Busily, my girl, busily. I have borrowed a moment's time from company to run to you: I have luckily found you alone:—utter not a word; be all attention: Jack Nightshade, the country boy I made acquaintance with last year, is now in town; but not a word of that—he is at a tavern hard by, with some lads of mettle, who push about the glass. What say you, hussy, to a bold stroke for a husband?

Lucy. For a husband! You are joking.

Dib. Serious, upon my honour! Oh, when the

blood begins to boil, and the brain begins to turn, every thing may be attempted. He has signified to me that he is in want of a wife; you, I suppose, have no objection to a husband; so far your are both of a mind. He says the lady must be rich; the condition is a reasonable one, and you must provide a fortune for the purpose. What say you to your mistress's? He visits you in the name of Mr. Manlove; why may not you receive him in in that of Miss Fairfax.

Lucy. Impossible! Don't you know his father lodges in this very house?

Dib. Scare boys with bug-bears: I have provided against danger; and with a promise of a good round sum, upon the wedding night, have made old Gregory my own: He will aid our project, and keep watch upon old Surly-boots, I warrant you.

Lucy. But what is gained, if we should compass our ends? the young man is a minor, and his father would disinherit him.

Dib. Fear nothing—he's of age—Gregory confirms it: And as for his father's disinheriting him, I'll tell you a secret; it is not in his power: When the counsellor settled an estate on Charles, old Nightshade cut him off with a shilling, and gave his fortune to Jack: I drew the deed myself; it is as tight as the law can tye it.

Lucy. I don't know what to say; a settlement to be sure is something; Mrs. Nightshade and an equipage, is better than plain Lucy and a pair of pattins: But

then my heart misgives me—and the boy, they say, is such a cub——

Dib. Fine airs in truth! Nay, if you are so exceptious, please yourself; 'tis no affair of mine; I've done with it.

Lucy. Hold, hold; you are so touchy if one speaks ——My madam must be monstrous angry, but no matter. Yesterday was married John Nightshade, Esq. to Miss——. O Gemini, 'twill make a flaming dash!

Dib. Ay, ay, leave me to draw the marriage deed; I'll jointure you I warrant. Come, decide; time's precious, and the moment serves: Old Nightshade's out; the ladies too, I understand, are on the wing—When shall we come?

Lucy. When? I don't know—I vow I'm half afraid—Is there no law against me, if I'm caught, and the scheme fails?

Dib. Pshaw! you are so irresolute; even be a servant-maid all the days of your life; I care not.

Lucy. No brother; I've as much ambition as my betters, so here's my hand—I'm with you—give me half an hour's time to con my lesson and I'll be ready for you.

Dib. That's my brave girl! Courage! the day's our own. If every thing's in train, and the coast clear, let Gregory meet us at the corner of the street, exactly in half an hour's time. But, hark'ee, Lucy, Jack is incog, and takes his brother Manlove's name,

remember that: By the way I suspect something's in the wind between your madam and Mr. Charles.

Lucy. Why so?

Dib. Because I saw him turn into her room just now, in an undress; he pass'd me on the stairs, and whispered me in the ear, not to open my lips concerning his being here to a single soul, for my life; therefore make no mischief—Farewell, I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your humble servant, virtuous Miss Lætittia Fairfax; your painter then, as I suspected, turns out a lover in disguise; and you, it seems, have your intrigues as well as other folks. Who would be nice about character in these times, when all the world conspires to put virtue out of countenance, and keep vice in?

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in STAPLETON*'s House.* *Enter* MR. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE *and* STAPLETON.

Mr. Andrew Nightshade.

AND so you'll positively ship those bales of Norwich Crape for Holland?

Stap. I purpose so to do.

A. Night. You purpose so to do! and the Kersies and Callimancoes, and Perpetuanos too I warrant?

Stap. I do.

A. Night. The devil you do! I tell you what then, Master Stapleton, they will not have their name for nothing; you will find them Perpetuanoes on your hands: I'd send tea to America as soon. Why sure I understand the Dutch market; sure I think I do; you've found I understand them.

Stap. But times are altered, brother Andrew.

A. Night. With the devil to them. Times are altered truly, and trade is altered, and merchants are altered, and grown obstinate blockheads, deaf to good counsel, ignorant of their business; a frivolous, gossiping, pleasure-hunting crew; forsaking their counters for their country-houses, Change for Change-Alley.—What sort of a season at Newfoundland? have you ship'd your fish yet for the Mediterranean markets? But what is it all to me? I have wound up my bottom: 'Twas a noble hit, Master Stapleton, that speculation of mine in saltpetre.

Stap. I believe it turn'd to tolerable account.

A. Night. I believe it did; I may venture to assure you it did, to tolerable account, as you say, though you predicted otherwise; it made my pillow for me; yes, yes, thank Heaven, I'm easy: I've laid down my cares.

Stap. And taken up content. What a happy fellow are you, friend Andrew!

A. Night. But I tell you, you're mistaken, I am not a happy fellow; I would not be thought happy; the world's too wicked for an honest man to be happy or contented in it.

Stap. But you are out of the world; you are settled in peaceful retreat, in rural tranquility, cultivating your own acres, enjoying your own produce.

A. Night. Blood and fire, I tell you other people are enjoying my produce; my servants are embezzeling my property, my neighbours are destroying my game, the vermin are laying waste my granaries, and the rot is making havock with my sheep; and how the vengeance then can I be happy?

Stap. By bearing every thing with a patient mind.

A. Night. Patient! I am patient to a fault.

Stap. By reflecting, when your servants or neighbours molest you, what an exemplary young man you are blest with for a son.

A. Night. Yes, yes, the boy's as good as his neighbours.

Stap. I never heard so universal a good character.

A. Night. 'Tis a sober, frugal lad, that's the truth on't.

Stap. So accomplished a genius—so distinguished a taste for the fine arts.

A. Night. For the fine arts! that's rather too much, I know no art Jack has but setting trimmers, worming puppies, and making fowling nets. [*Aside.*

Stap. Your son, friend Andrew, is not like the present frippery race of young men; he is a man of sound principle and good morals; no libertine, no free-thinker, no gamester.

A. Night. Gamester indeed! I'd game him, with the devil to him.

Stap. He has more elegant resources: The woman must be happy who can engage his affections.

A. Night. I wish your ward, Miss Fairfax, was of your opinion.

Stap. Are you sincere?

A. Night. Why to be sure I am. Don't I know she'll have a very considerable fortune?

Stap. A fig for her fortune—here's my hand—so the young folks can like each other, and Mr. Manlove is consenting———

A. Night. Who? who is consenting? Mr. Manlove?

Stap. Ay surely; I'm afraid we do not rightly understand each other: Which of your sons are you speaking of?

A. Night. Which of my sons am I speaking of! the only one I ever do speak of; the only one which I acknowledge—Jack. You couldn't think me such a fool to recommend that puppily, pig-tail'd ape, with his essences and pulvilios; that monkey, whom my silly brother sent to see the world, with his grand tour, and his pictures, and his impertinences? No—I tell you once for all, I've done with him; he has dropt my name and I my nature; let him that christened him anew, keep him—I have done with him.

Stap. You shock me to hear you say so!

A. Night. What, shan't I speak of my own son as I think fit?

Stap. Yes, if you speak as a father should.

A. Night. And who's the judge of that? Have you a son? Are you a father? No, you are a guardian: Heaven help the poor young woman that is your ward. Marry her to Charles Manlove! Marry her to her garters sooner, and tye her up upon the curtain rod. 'twere a better deed. And what know you of the fine arts? Are you a painter as well as your ward here? I see no tokens of it: the London 'prentice, and the March to Finchly, seem to be the sum total of your collection—His taste, it seems, has captivated you; his taste for what? for Camblets, for Cafoys, for Manchester and Norwich commodities? There lies your learning; those are your universities.

Stap. Andrew Nightshade, Andrew Nightshade, recollect yourself: We'll converse when you are cool: I talk to no man in a passion.

A. Night. I in a passion! 'Tis the first time I was ever told so, and shall be the last, from you at least—Here, Gregory, where are you?—I'll be gone this instant; I'll have my things pack'd up; I'll rid your house, at least, of one passionate man. I in a passion! I that never lost my temper—But your servant, sir; your servant, Mr. Stapleton: Perhaps you'll say I'm in a passion now. Here, Gregory! why, Gregory! [*Exit.*

Stap. [*Alone.*] Ha, ha ha; of a certain Andrew thou'rt a ridiculous old fellow. If I had an acquaintance with the poets, I would get them to ex-

hibit thy humours on the stage; 'twould be a diverting scene, and no bad moral.

Enter Mrs. STAPLETON *and* LÆTITIA.

Mrs. Stap. Here's a fine storm! he's calling for his servant to pack up his things; he vows he'll quit the house immediately.

Læt. A happy resolution. What a snapdragon it is! No Yorkshire housewife in her washing week can be more peevish.

Mrs. Stap. I wish he was out of the house; I cannot bear to have your peace annoy'd.

Stap. My peace! You have had a visitor, Lætitia?

Læt. A brother artist, and a friend of Mr. Manlove's.—I declare I've lost my heart to him.

Stap. Then I deny that he's a friend of Mr. Manlove's.

Læt. Oh, sir, he is the prettiest man! so candid, so intelligent; full of his art, and glowing warm with all that taste for the antique, which true genius is sure to gain by travel.

Stap. Ay, ay, I understand you; he been praising your performances.

Læt. I own it; but what flatters me above all, he commends your portrait exceedingly; I shall proceed in it with twice the spirit I began.

Mrs. Stap. He has turned her head with flattery; the grace of Raphael, the design of Michael Angelo, Titian's warmth, and Corregio's beauty, centre all in her unrivall'd compositions!

Stap. Hey-day! where learnt you all this gabble? here's a pack of names for a citizen's wife to get by heart.

Mrs. Stap. Do you think I've clean'd her pallet then for nothing? The doctor's Merry-Andrew knows the name of his drugs, or he's not fit for his place. We are going this instant upon a visit of virtû to Mr. Manlove's: This young painter speaks in raptures of his collection: He has some pictures which are said to be inimitable.

Læt. Dear sir, I hope you've no objection. He has talk'd to me so much of a Lucretia by Guido, that I am dying to visit her.

Stap. I should doubt if Lucretia would do as much for you. I hardly think that this visit is in rule.

Læt. It is done every day; half the town has been there: I go there as a student—besides, Mrs. Stapleton goes with me.

Stap. Well, well, I am no critic in these matters, entertain yourselves and you have my free leave. Much pleasure to you both—your servant. [*Exit.*

Læt. Come, my dear madam, the light still serves us; let us lose no time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Painting Room. *Enter* LUCY.

Lucy. Now the deuce fetch this madcap brother of mine, what a twitter has he thrown me into! I can

settle to nothing: Madam and her sham painter have made a fine disorder in this room. I don't know any use these geniuses are of, but to put every thing out of its place. Ah! is it you?

Enter DIBBLE.

Dib. Hush, hush! compose yourself; you had like to have ruin'd all: Why didn't you send Gregory to the street's end, as you agreed?

Lucy. Lud, I'm in such a flutter—I don't know, I'm frighted. Is he here?

Dib. Ready: Prim'd high with brisk Champaigne: The train is laid; you have the fire; touch it, and off it goes.

Lucy. Fire! I've no fire about me. Did the servants see you?

Dib. No; Gregory let us in, and has the young 'squire now in keeping: There never was so fortunate a moment. Hark? he's at the door.

Jack. [*From without.*] Hist! Lawyer—Pickle—Bully Jack!——shall I come in?

Dib. He must come in; slip out a moment 'till I prepare him, and then—remember Lucy, he is Mr. Manlove here, and yourself Lætitia. Go your ways. [*Exit* Lucy.] Now, my lad of glory, I shall show you a phœnomenon, a star of the first water.

Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.

J. Night. Water! I scorn it: Give me wine: There's honesty in that, and wit, and love—I'm monstrously in love—but where's the lady?

Dib. Oh, she's at hand, and half your own already. I've been preaching to her—Miss, says I——

J. Night. Rot your *says I!* who cares for what you say: Shew me the girl: I want no lawyer in this case; Champaigne's my counsellor. Your are a blockhead, Dibble, and a flincher: I'm for all the game; fee'd on both sides, boy; a bottle in my right hand, and a bottle in my left; double charged at heart and head: one for courage and t'other for invention.—Pooh! my brother's a fool to me: his coat was never in such company before. Where is the lady, I say? I must see the lady.

Dib. Well, well, be patient; you shall see the lady. [*Exit.*

J. Night. Ay, this puts every thing in motion: Now the world goes round: It has found its legs at last, and dances like Plough-Monday. Drown it, 'twas asleep before. What's all this lumber for? [*stumbling over the easel.*] The devil! who are you? [*speaking to the layman.*] what's your profession? An easy, slender, dangling figure, and as much of a gentleman as most you shall meet.—Toe piggins! now I smoke the jest: She paints. O damn it! she's an artist—That won't do; there's no standing that; I must overturn all this trumpery: I shall soon tumble you out of the room, my dear—your reign's a short one, take my word.—Ay, here she comes.

Enter DIBBLE *with* LUCY.

Dib. Mr. Manlove, this is Miss Fairfax. Miss, this is Mr. Manlove.

J. Night. Madam, behold the fondest of your slaves. My friend here, Lawyer Dibble, has informed you that my name is Manlove, and he tells me you are called Miss Fairfax. Be it so; if he tells a lie, he is not the first of his profession who has so done. If you should think that I am rather elevated and in the air, I won't deny it; Champaigne, you know, is a searching liquor, and my scull is none of the deepest; but if you suppose that I am so blind as to overlook your beauties or my own perfections, you are not the the person I take you for.—Dibble, come hither, make the lady acquainted with some of my good qualities.—Discuss.

Lucy. Oh, sir, what need? the good qualities of Mr. Manlove are in every body's mouth.

J. Night. Deuce take me now, if that is any flattery to me.

Dib. I told you, madam, what a modest young gentleman he is.

J. Night. Oh, you're a precious devil Be pleased to tell the lady likewise what a brave estate I have got; such things come naturally enough from a lawyer's mouth; tell her what it is, and where it lies: Drown me, if I know where to find an acre of it.

Lucy. Oh, never name estate when Mr. Manlove is in the case: Your person, air, address——

J. Night. Madam, you do me honour. 'Egad, I shall have no occasion for courtship. [*Aside.*

Lucy. Your genius, taste, accomplishments—I myself have some small turn for painting—

J. Night. Yes, and I should like you as well without it. [*Aside.*

Lucy. But you, I dare say, are a master hand; and poetry, no doubt, is full as much your own.

J. Night. Faith, there's not much to choose between them.

Lucy. But then your education—one may see that you have travel'd.

Dib. Oh, yes, that's very visible.

J. Night. Well said, lawyer—She has a damnable clack.

Lucy. I should be delighted to hear an account of your travels: I dare say you have met many singular adventures.

J. Night. A thousand; but I have taken an oath never to speak of them.

Lucy. Oh, you must conquer such scruples. What advantages has your uncle's bounty given you, Mr. Manlove, over that poor lad in the country!

J. Night. And yet I'd rather hear one kind word said of that poor lad in the country, than a whole volume of Mr. Manlove's praises. I'm hipp'd whenever I hear the subject mentioned.

Dib. Make up to him, Lucy, or he's lost. Jack Nightshade, what are you about? one bold attack and she's your own.

J. Night. It may be so; but you must know I have

a kind of partiality for that same country lubber, Jack Nightshade; and 'till I can find a lady, who will prefer him to his brother, I will remain as I am; so there's an end of the matter, d'ye see, and no harm done.—Madam, your servant. [*Exit.*

Lucy. So finishes the chapter of husbands.—I thank you for your scheme.

Dib. Thank yourself for your folly. What possest you with the thought of touching upon the lad in the country? how could you be so flippant?

Lucy. What does it signify? He is too cunning to be caught with chaff; e'en drop your project.

Dib. No, let despair go hang. I am not easily repuls'd: Take courage and commit yourself to me; I have resources yet you know not of. Come, Lucy, you shall see my genius rises on defeat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

MANLOVE's *House.* *Enter* CHARLES MANLOVE.

Ch. Man. It is time to throw off the mask; I have seen and heard enough: she who can captivate both eyes and ears at once, is irresistable: Miss Fairfax is so compos'd, that she has beauty enough to blind our understandings, if she wanted wit; and wit enough to blind our eyes, if she wanted beauty. I will go to her in this habit once again, and solicit an interview for Mr. Manlove: If she readily grants it, I will avail myself of her compliance, and instantly disclose myself—if not—But what in the name of wonder have we got here: Ha, ha, ha! my Paris suit, by all

that brilliant; the very *chef d'œuvre* of the superlative Mons. Le Duc: That coat was made for grand occasions; it escorted me to the nuptials of the great Count d'Artois; it has now the honour to attend the revels of the illustrious Jack Nightshade.

Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.

J. Night. Ay, and had I been willing, it might have assisted at another wedding: 'Egad, it might have carried off a fine girl, and one of the first fortunes in the city.

Ch. Man. I should have thought your scenes had rather laid amongst the girls of freedom than of fortune.

J. Night. This lady, sir, had both. Swear to me you'll be secret, and I'll tell where I've been.

Ch. Man. Nay, Jack, you'll trust me sure without an oath; you know I am no tell-tale. Where have you been?

J. Night. You'll scarce believe it; where on all this earth but to the very house where old Surly-boots sets up his rest!

Ch. Man. To Mr. Stapleton's?

J. Night. To the enemy's head quarters. A high stroke!

Ch. Man. And what carried you thither?

J. Night. A girl: The wench I told you of.

Ch. Man. But what sort of a wench? I don't understand how any girl could carry you to Mr. Stapleton's.

J. Night. No! she'd have carried me any where; all the world over: she is ready to set out on her travels.

Ch. Man. And her name is——

J. Night. Fairfax.

Ch. Man. How!

J. Night. Lætitia Fairfax.

Ch. Man. What is it you have been doing? I am much interested in this lady's good opinion, and if you have done or said any thing to offend her——

J. Night. Offend her! Zooks, if you had heard how mere a country whelp she made of me, you would own I had most reason to be offended of the two.

Ch. Man. Still I don't understand you; you tell your story confusedly, I can make out nothing from it.

J. Night. Tell it yourself then, brother.

Ch. Man. But this precaution I must give you, Jack, not to go upon that ground again; keep your sallies within proper bounds, and direct them to proper objects; Miss Fairfax is a lady for whom I have the tenderest esteem; have a care therefore, young man, how you affront her as you value my resentment.

J. Night. Whuh!

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Sir, Mr. Manlove requests your company at his chambers immediately.

Ch. Man. I attend him—Brother, I am serious—Hitherto I hope no mischief has been done; but I

expect that you observe what I have told you, and be more prudent for the future. [*Exit.*

J. Night. And be a prig like you—Oh, you shall smart for this; I'll curry your fine hide. Now would I give both ears from off this head, if I could make the girl but fairly jilt this puppy, and revenge myself upon him.

Enter DIBBLE.

Dib. Squire!

J. Night. Ah, Dibble, I have made myself a precious blockhead.

Dib. What, in the penitentials! Is the champaigne cloudy?

J. Night. Vexation sobers me like a wet napkin. Oh, if I cou'd see the girl again!

Dib. Do you wish it?

J. Night. Wish it! I'd crawl to Scotland on my knees; nay more, I'd live there all my days, so I could bilk this elder brother with Miss Fairfax.

Dib. Say you so, 'squire? This betters my best hopes. Follow me once more to Mr. Stapleton's: take courage, and my life upon't the lady is your own.

J. Night. Have with you then; I'm ready; come along.

Dib. Hold, not so fast—the old lion may be in his den. Give me one quarter of an hour's law, and then if we miscarry, crop these ears and nail them up like vermin to your walls.

J. Night. Agreed! I take you at your word.—

[*Exit* Dib.] Now, my fine brother, if I catch you on the hip I'll give your pride a fall; I'll shew you that a clown may have a courtier's cunning. Hey-day! who comes here?

Enter Mrs. STAPLETON, *and* LÆTITIA, *ushered in by* FREDERICK.

Fred. I beg pardon, sir, I thought you was gone out: these ladies are desirous of seeing the pictures, and I was conducting them to the room.

J. Night. I will take that honour on myself. Go before and open the windows.—[*Exit* Fred.] You are fond of paintings, ladies; I am glad it is in my power to entertain you.

Mrs. Stap. You are the owner, sir, of this admirable collection. Your name is Manlove.

J. Night. At the service of the ladies always. I'll pass a few of lawyer Dibble's airs upon them—I'm in a rare cue. [*Aside.*

Læt. What do you mean by talking up this young man? He has a miserable address: I see very little of the man of fashion about him.

Mrs. Stap. I cannot say much for his person to be sure.

J. Night. She has fixt her eyes upon me; she is taken with my person and address—Don't you find it rather cold, ladies?—I wish there was a fire in the room, that I might give her a taste of my breeding. [*Aside.*

Læt. The public is much bound to you for giving them access to your collection.

J. Night. If the public found no more amusement in them than I do, they might hang in the dark 'till doom's-day.

Læt. You jest, I believe: is it possible, after such pains in procuring them, you can have no enjoyment in the possession of them?

J. Night. Even so, madam; they resemble matrimony in that respect; the pursuit is the pleasure. But come, ladies, the room is ready, and I'll shew you the way.—What the devil does that old duenna come for? [*Goes out.*

Læt. Is this the accomplish'd Mr. Manlove? He seems in a strange humour: are you sure he is perfectly sober? I declare I scarce like to follow him.

J. Night. [*Returns.*] Ladies, this is the way: indulge me with the honour of your hand.

[*Leads out* Læt.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment magnificently furnished with pictures.

Enter JACK, *introducing Mrs.* STAPLETON *and* LÆTITIA.

J. Night. There, ladies; there they hang: a jolly crew of 'em. Old ladies in furrs and furbelows up to their throats, and young ones without a rag to

cover 'em: these painters are but scurvy taylors; they'll send a goddess into the world without a cloud to cover her: there are some pretty conceits go with their histories, but they will speak for themselves; I am but little in their secrets.

Læt. What a blaze of beauty! there's the Titian Venus; Heavens! what a form! what brilliant hues! But look, dear madam, here is grace and dignity; Guido's Lucretia: the dagger in her breast, and in the act of heroic self-destruction: what resolution! what a spirit has the great artist thrown into those eyes!

J. Night. Yes, she had a devil of a spirit: she stabb'd herself in a pique upon being cross'd in love.

Mrs. Stap. You presume on our ignorance; history, I believe, assigns more elevated motives for Lucretia's death.

J. Night. Very likely; there were great pains taken to smother the story; but 'tis as I tell you—I had it from a near relation of the family.

Læt. Ridiculous! Do you observe that picture, madam; 'tis a melancholy story, very finely told by Poussin: it is a view of Marseilles at the time of the plague, with a capital figure of the good bishop in the midst of the groupe.

J. Night. Bishop, madam! that person which you look upon is a physician, and the people round about him are his patients; they are in a desperate way it must be confest. Do you see that angry figure in the corner; he is a gamester: he is picking lead out of

loaded dice to run into bullets, to fire through his own head: 'tis no bad moral.

Læt. You are infinitely kind to favour us with these anecdotes: if you are thus gracious to all strangers, the world will edify abundantly. But we won't put you to the trouble of explanation—we are not entirely ignorant—tho' your collection may be the best we have seen, it is not absolutely the first.

J. Night. Belike then you are a painter, as well as the lady I visited just now.

Læt. In the presence of such masters as are here assembled, I cannot call myself a painter; in my own chamber I sometimes persuade myself I am.

J. Night. Yes, I am told it is an art which ladies mostly practice in their own chambers—What say you to that picture over the door? 'tis a merry conceit.

Læt. It is the colouring of the Venetian school: I should guess it to be Tintoret.

J. Night. Oh, you are quite out of the story.

Mrs. Stap. She is speaking of the master: the story is plainly that of Actæon, and no bad moral; he was turn'd into a stag, by the goddess of chastity, for his impertinent curiosity.

J. Night. Excuse me, madam, you mistake the moral—That gentleman with the antlers on his head, is a city husband, the principal lady in the show is his wife; she wears a crescent on her forehead to signify she is a dealer in horns; her companions are a group of city madams: the painter drew them bathing to shew the warmth of their constitutions.

Lat. Upon my word you have a great deal of wit, and you have a fine collection of paintings; but one capital piece is wanting.

J. Night. And what is that, pray?

Lat. Modesty: it will be an excellent companion to your Lucretia.

J. Night. But who shall I get to sit for the likeness?

Lat. You will find it admirably painted by the same master. Come, madam, it is time for us to be gone.

J. Night. You are not for the city-end of the town, I conclude?

Mrs. Stap. Our home is in the city.

J. Night. Permit me to conduct you thither; I have a coach in waiting, and am bound to New Broad-Street, if you know such a place.

Mrs. Stap. Intimately; but we have a carriage of our own.

Lat. Can there be any attractions in the city to engage Mr. Manlove's regard?

J. Night. Oh, yes; an assignation, madam: I am loth to disappoint a fond girl.

Lat. 'Tis charitably consider'd!

J. Night. Nay, I don't know but I shou'd be inclined to take her for better for worse, if it was not for one circumstance in her disfavour.

Lat. May I ask what that may be?

J. Night. She has a devilish itch for painting: I shou'd expect to have all my gods and goddesses taken down to make room for her vulgar friends and relations.

Mrs. Stap. Ay, that wou'd be a sorrowful exchange to my knowledge.

Læt. Yes, have a care of that same painting girl; my life upon it she will slip through your hands.

J. Night. Why I have my eye upon that honest gentleman in the picture, with the stag's-horns, I must own—Who shall I tell her gave me the caution?

Læt. No matter; when you see Miss Fairfax you'll remember me.

J. Night. Fairfax! the vengeance: how came you to guess her name?

Læt. Oh, sir, there is but one painter in the street, and she, I believe, will remain there; your collection is safe; she will trouble you with none of her performances, none of her daubings, take my word. Your most obedient—Let us make haste home, and be ready to receive him: vain, senseless coxcomb! how I shall enjoy his confusion!

[*Exit with Mrs.* Stap.

J. Night. A good lively wench, but the devil of a tongue! I'll run and hand her to her coach. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment. Enter DIBBLE *and* LUCY.

Lucy.

STILL I protest against your project; we shall reap nothing from it, take my word, but shame and disappointment; however, to convince you that my fears

are not for myself, I am prepared and shall go thro' with it, as you desire.

Dib. My life upon't, he takes the bait this time.

Lucy. I doubt it, but no matter: sure it's time that he was come. Hark! who is that? look out.

Dib. 'Sdeath! Mrs. Stapleton and Miss Lætitia.

Lucy. What's to be done now?

Dib. We've nothing for it, but a desperate sally; slip the back-way down with me, and let us both go out and stop young Nightshade: we can take him to my lodgings and prevent an interview that must be fatal.

Lucy. It is too late to deliberate: come on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. STAPLETON *and* LÆTITIA.

Mrs. Stap. Come, my dear Lætitia, you think of this affair too seriously: you cannot much regret a man you never saw before.

Læt. 'Tis true; and yet, with shame I own it to you, I am mortified severely. Was there ever such a disappointment?

Mrs. Stap. Either he treated us with inexcusable contempt, or is profoundly ignorant. Did you remark the ridiculous observations he made on some of the pictures?

Læt. Yes; but I set that down for mistaken wit; in short, his manners are of the vulgarest cast. Are these the fruits of public education? Is this the finish'd gentleman? the scholar? traveller?—His boorish brother in the country cannot outgo this: and the

world to be so blinded! Oftentimes it speaks worse of a man than he deserves; it is seldom guilty of telling so many untruths in his favour.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A gentleman desires to speak with Miss Fairfax.

Let. 'Tis he—Conduct him into the drawing-room; I'll wait on him immediately. [*Exit Ser.*

Mrs. Stap. Well, Lætitia, I need not recommend to you to treat him as he deserves.

Let. I must be more, or less, than a woman, if I spar'd him. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE, *introduced by a* Servant.

Serv Please to walk in here, sir; Miss Fairfax will wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*

J. Night. Ay, ay; I dare say she will: Egad, there's no time to be lost—Drown it, where's Dibble? I expected he would meet me at the gate: If I should stumble on old Crusty—I don't like the looks of the land so well as I did: Here's such a solitude, and such a ceremony—Why the plague do they make me kick my heels here? What, the vengeance! is she come again?

Enter LÆTITIA.

Let. Your humble servant, Mr. Manlove: You scarce expected, I believe, to meet your visitor again so soon.

J. Night. No, indeed: it is vastly beyond my hopes.

Let. You are punctual to your assignation, I perceive.

J. Night. Oh yes, ma'am: to be sure, ma'am—How the plague shall I get rid of her?

Let. You did well to consider the poor fond girl that is dying for you.

J. Night. She has the devil of an assurance—What are these London ladies made of?

Let. He is thoroughly confounded: I'll give him a chance, however.—Have you any commands for me, sir?

J. Night. Commands! Oh, none in life, I thank you; no commands. What, won't that serve? No; She will have her talk out at least. I hope you lik'd the pictures? Sure, Miss Fairfax will come presently.

Let. I admire your collection greatly; my expectations in that particular were not disappointed.

J. Night. I understand your insinuation, madam; but ladies' expectations, I am told, are not always to be satisfied.

Let. In Mr. Manlove's instance, perhaps not easily.

J. Night. Really, madam, I should wish to do justice to a lady's good opinion: but your visit, I must say, was rather unseasonable, and that elderly lady was so vexatiously in the way——

Let. I am sorry for it, sir: I am afraid our visit was rather out of rule.

J. Night. That's honest now; and since you own

it, I must fairly say, the present is none of the most welcome.

Læt. I readily believe it—and therefore, sir, though it is not altogether in character for me to promote a conversation of such a sort as you hinted at when we met at your own house; yet, I must observe to you, if you have any such proposal in design, it will be for both our ease that you should come to the point directly.

J. Night. To the point, madam! Upon my soul I don't know what to say to that—To be sure I did come here with a full and fix'd design of offering myself to Miss Fairfax upon the marrying lay, and that, you know, at best is but a hanging kind of job, so that if I appear rather dull of apprehension, I hope you will recollect that a man cannot be very merry when he's on his road to his execution.

Læt. Oh, sir, be under no concern on that account; assure yourself, I have to the full as little disposition towards that state as you can have.

J. Night. Well said again! but it won't take.—You are in the right; you are for enjoying your freedom.

Læt. Since we are both agreed in that respect, what occasion is there for more words? I believe we may break up the conference.

J. Night. As soon as ever you please; I am by no means for delaying you.

Læt. I wait your motions, Mr. Manlove, I'm here at home.

J. Night. You cannot be more so than I am.

Lat. Indeed! this conduct, Mr. Manlove, is so opposite to all that I expected from you, that I'm cast into astonishment. Upon what reasons, or from what caprice you've chose to take it up I know not; natural it cannot be to any man. However, sir, I'll take you at your word, and, for a moment, will suppose you more welcome in this house than you really are, and leave you in possession of it.

J. Night. Come, come, well off! I've bolted her at last. 'Fore George, I begin to be tired of my plumes: Every man's best in his own coat and his own character: Plain Jack, and the country, would have suited me better: There are so many demands upon a fine gentleman, that nobody but a fine gentleman can tell how to avoid them.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Ah! Master Jacky, keep close. Yonder's your old dad at the street door in a notable primmuniry.

J. Night. Death and the devil! how shall I break pasture without his seeing me?

Greg. Never fear it; he has a job upon his hands will tether him for one while. Egad, I hope they'll treat him with a ducking.

J. Night. What is the matter?

Greg. Nay, nothing out of course; he has crack'd the newsman's noddle for winding his horn in his ear; he pretends to have delicate nerves, you know; and

so the fellow rais'd a mob upon him, that has drove him into cover, and they are now baying the old buck at the door. Ay, yonder he is; you must keep close till he's off his stand.

J. Night. Have an eye upon the door—I hope they will scare him soundly; it may save your scull and mine many a hard pelt. But, Gregory, who is this fine madam I've been talking to? Lawyer Dibble, sure, has not put me on a wrong scent: They introduced her to me as Miss Fairfax; are there two Miss Fairfaxes, as well as two Mr. Manlove's?—a false one, and a true one?

Greg. What shall I say now?—Oh, yes, there are two ladies of that name; but this is only a cousin of the other; a kind of hanger-on in the family.

J. Night. A hanger-on, do you say?—Keep your eye upon the door—Why, she's better dress'd, and a finer woman than her I'm in pursuit of.

Greg. Ay, ay, but yours has the fortune; Dibble's Miss Fairfax is the girl for your purpose.

J. Night. But where is Dibble and his Miss Fairfax? I have danc'd attendance here a pretty while; what am I to think of all this?

Greg. What are you to think of it? why, I'll tell you; this young lady, d'ye see—Now don't you go about, Master Jacky, and say that I told you, but this young lady here, that you have been to, is—Hark, sure your father's coming.

J. Night. I hear his foot upon the stairs; my bones ach at the sound of it.

Greg. Quick, quick, down the back stairs, and away for your life; so, so; that's well.

[*Exit* J. Night.

Enter Mr. ANDREW NIGHTSHADE.

A. Night. Why, Gregory, rascal, hangdog! what's become of you? run quickly down, and drive those bawling fellows from the gate.

Greg. A herd of wolves as soon; they'll eat me up alive. O lack-a-day, sir, you know little of a London mob.

A. Night. Go down I tell you, sirrah, and disperse them.

Greg. Why, sir, 'tis more than my Lord Mayor can do: There's a man knock'd o' the head they say; and till there's another or two to keep him company, they'll never be at rest—Leave them to fight it out.

A. Night. Leave them! why, blockhead, it is me they follow: Nothing else should have driven me into this house again.

Greg. O Gemini, have you been knock'd o' the head?

A. Night. Why no, you fool, 'tis I have done the mischief; but the most patient man alive could not do less.

Greg. Nay, sir, if you have been playing the same tune upon their noddles, as you do upon mine, these London sculls won't bear it; they are as brittle as a Shrewsbury cake.

Enter STAPLETON.

Stap. Hey-day! friend Andrew, what is all this noise and outcry?

A. Night. I think the devil's in the people, you shall hear—As I was coming down the street, in meditation on the parson's pidgeon-house; a rascally scaramouch, in a short jerkin, with a cap and feather on his noddle, winds me a damn'd blast on his horn, point blank into my ear, flourishing his newspapers full in my face at the same time: Now as there are no two things on earth I hate like newspapers and noises; so I could not well avoid giving him a gentle remembrance with my cane upon his crown: The casket gave a cursed crack, and down tumbled the politician: Instantly the raggamuffins collected, and I took refuge here in your court-yard.

Stap. Nav, if you have silenc'd the Morning Post, you had better have dragg'd the speaker out of his coach, and beat his brains out with the mace. Do you consider how many enemies you make by stopping the circulation of abuse? 'tis as necessary to the city as the circulation of cash.

A. Night. Go down I tell you, fellow, and make up the matter with a dram; 'tis as much as any newspaper head is worth in the kingdom; bid him not talk of damages; if my cane has split his scull, 'tis no more than his plaguy post-horn did by mine; He was the aggressor.

Stap. Hark'e, you'll find the matter settled, but it

will not be amiss to frighten him a little; you know how to manage it. [*Aside to* Greg.

Greg. Most daintily I warrant you. [*Exit* Greg.

Enter Mrs. STAPLETON *and* LÆTITIA.

Læt. O, Mr. Nightshade, here's a piece of work! —this comes of being in a passion.

Mrs. Stap. A sober citizen, a pains-taking industrious soul—

Læt. A father of a family—eight helpless babes—I fear you've given him his last blow—Dear sir, assist us! [*Aside.*

A. Night. Last blow! what matters that, when he gave me the first!

Mrs. Stap. Well, well, Heaven knows, but anger is a frightful thing; it turns a man into a fury. Defend me, I say, from a passionate man!

A. Night. And yet, madam, give me leave to tell you, you are enough to make one: Is it nothing to have our nerves lacerated, our whole fabrick shook to atoms by these horrid noises! The law should provide against such nuisances.

Stap. The law regards breaking of heads as the greater nuisance of the two—But here comes Gregory—Well, what has become of the postman?

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. He has sounded his last horn! You may sleep in quiet for the future. I tendered him the

dram your honour was so good to offer; but his teeth are closed, he can't accept your favour.

Mrs. Stap. O horrible, you've kill'd the man!

Stap. What say the standers-by on the occacion?

Greg. They give him an extraordinary character; they say he delivered a hand bill, and sounded a post horn better than any man in all the bills of mortality.

Lat. Thanks to Mr. Nightshade, he is likely to make a figure in the bills of mortality still—did you see the wound?

Greg. A perilous gash! I'd not have such a star in my forehead to be the richest alderman in the city of London.

A. Night. 'Tis a pity but he had been one, for then his horns might have warded off the blow.

Greg. If I was your honour I would be looking out for the crowner; it will be well done to touch him pretty handsomely before he calls a quest upon the body.

Stap. Has the gentleman thought of any witnesses?

Greg. You must have a steady set to prevent accidents, unprejudic'd, impartial men, that were not present at the affair, these people will never do. For my part, if you think of subpænaying me, you are a lost man; if I was once to shew this head of mine in open court, you would be condemned on the face of it.

A. Night. Hold your tongue, rascal, I don't believe a word you say: I'll go down and be satisfied with my own eyes.

Stap. Hold, hold, friend Andrew, I'll not suffer it; they'll tear you piecemeal: stay where you are, and let me see if I cann't quiet them; they know me and will credit what I tell them. If it is as Gregory says I'll send him to the hospital; we'll save him, if it's possible.

A. Night. Thank you, Master Stapleton, thank you heartily. That's friendly howsoever. [*Exit* Stap.

Læt. [*To Mrs.* Stap.] Dear madam, follow Mr. Stapleton, and persuade him not to let him off; he must be made to feel.

Mrs. Stap. I think he should, and will leave him in your hands. [*Exit.*

Læt. Ah, Mr. Nightshade, will you never be brought off from this unhappy temper? You see the dismal effects of it; you feel them; I perceive you do. Your compunction is severe; I pity you——your situation brings the tears into my eyes.

A. Night. It's more than it does into mine; I tell you it is all a collusion to extort money; and this rogue of mine falls in with the plot. Stapleton will tell another story.

Læt. I am afraid not; prepare yourself for the worst, and consider what atonement you can make to a disconsolate widow.

A. Night. Spare your pity, young madam, you don't yet know how easy most widows are to be comforted.

Greg. To be sure, madam, his honour is in the right to bear up as they say, but it will be a trepan at least. The china-riveter at next door is a knowing man in

fractures, and he says his scull will never ring well again so long as it is a scull. Oh, sir, what will poor dear Master Jacky think of this? He's in the country, lord love him, and little dreams of this mishap; I fear 'twill break his heart.

A. Night. Hold your tongue, you blockhead. Well, Mr. Stapleton, you've seen the man.

Re-enter STAPLETON.

Stap. I've seen the man, and pacified the mob.

A. Night. That's well; and it all proves a false alarm?

Stap. I wish I could say so——but we must hope the best.

A. Night. How! what! sure he is not in danger? This fellow's report I did not regard; your's alarms me.

Stap. Compose yourself, however; the symptoms indeed, are unpromising, but I have put him into good hands; he is convey'd to the London Hospital. ——Be a man; I am sorry to see you so uneasy

Læt. Dear sir, 'tis natural; the worst of men have moments of compunction; it is not to be supposed that Mr. Nightshade, though fatally addicted to passion, is totally devoid of human feelings.

A. Night. I beg you'll be so kind as to leave me; I should wish to have a minute's recollection. Gregory, you may stay. [*He retires to the back scene.*

Stap. Lætitia, I begin to pity him.

Læt. Have patience: let him chew the cud of re-

flection. Remorse, sometimes, like an advertising quack, will make great commotion in a man's constitution; but repentance is the regular physician, which by slow but steady means, conducts the patient to his cure. [*Exeunt* Stapleton *and* Lætitia.

A. Night. Gregory!

Greg. Your honour—How sanctified he looks! as who should say, Gregory, give me a good word on my trial.

A. Night. I'm thinking, Gregory, of this accident.

Greg. Well, sir, and how do you like it?

A. Night. Why, I'm in hopes it will blow over; I think they'll hardly prosecute, and if the worst should happen, they can make nothing of it, but chance-medley or manslaughter; nothing else, Gregory: so there's little to fear from the law. But as I am a man, who have always enforced the law against other people, d'ye observe me, and consequently made enemies amongst the wicked; I should think, honest Gregory, you might stand in my place, and I'd be sure to bring you off, and reward you into the bargain.

Greg. Lord, sir, a trifle! I shou'd be proud of being hang'd in the service of so good a master; but I'm afraid there were too many people present, and 'twould be gross presumption to suppose any body cou'd mistake me for your honour.

A. Night. Why certainly that is a hard pill to swallow; but what is to be done?

Greg. Make over your estate to Master Jacky, and fly your country: what if I run to the French walk,

and take you a passage in the Boulogne pacquet? I may be in time to secure the cabbin before any other malefactor has taken a birth in it.

A. Night. Malefactor! pr'ythee let me hear no more of your advice, it is but wasting time; I must have better counsel; and tho' brother Manlove has not pleased me in the matter of the pigeon-house, yet he's a good man in the main, and understands his business; run to him, d'ye hear, and desire him to repair here directly, upon a pressing concern; I know he'll not refuse assistance when I really want him.

Greg. I'll go directly—This is lucky. [*Aside.*

A. Night. And d'ye mind, leave me to open the affair to him; say nothing of the accident.

Greg. No to be sure; a likely matter, truly. [*Exit.*

A. Night. I wish I had not smote him quite so hard; and yet I shou'd have thought no mischief cou'd have follow'd; I've struck that clod-pate twice as hard, a hundred and a hundred times; 'tis that hath spoilt my hand: it is surprising what some heads will bear; I would I was with my poor boy in the country; what evil genius brought me up to this curst scene of mischief and mischance: Dear fortune, rescue me from this one scrape, and let me scramble out of the next as I can. [*Exit.*

Enter LÆTITIA, *followed by* CHARLES MANLOVE.

Læt. Now, sir, be pleas'd to favour me with your commands.

Ch. Man. I am to solicit you in the behalf of Mr. Manlove, that he may be allow'd the honour of making himself known to you.

Læt. This is done already: I am no stranger to Mr. Manlove, believe me.

Ch. Man. So, so: she has discovered me—[*Aside.*] Well, madam, if Mr. Manlove is already known to you in his assumed character, may he not hope to improve that acquaintance in his real one?

Læt. The character he has assumed, I must fairly own to you, gives me no favourable opinion of his real one: the shallow devices he made use of to impose on my understanding, when he thought himself secure from a discovery, betray a disingenuous mind; and I must believe, that no man would descend from the character of a gentleman, who was not wanting in the requisites that go to the support of it.

Ch. Man. I've made myself a precious blockhead: This mummery of the painter has disgusted her. [*Aside.*

Læt. As to his pretended taste for painting, I will not affect more skill than I possess, but I will venture to say, that either he is ignorant of the art, or presumes upon my being so.

Ch. Man. I'm fairly trapp'd: I must be prating of what I did not understand—[*Aside.*]—I will not offer much in Mr. Manlove's behalf, madam; but as to his skill in painting, you will be pleas'd to consider him not as a professor, but a lover only of the art.

Læt. A lover, sir! that is the last character I shou'd wish to consider Mr. Manlove in.

Ch. Man. I perfectly understand you, Miss Fairfax: you have said enough: Mr. Manlove understands you: I believe I need not explain myself any farther.

Læt. No, the case is perfectly clear; and I flatter myself you think I have been explicit on my part.

Ch. Man. There can be no complaint on that score. Nothing now remains for Mr. Manlove, but to lay aside, as soon as he is able, every thought, each hope that had Miss Fairfax for its object.

Læt. 'Twill be much for my repose.

Ch. Man. Rely upon it, then, your repose shall never be disturb'd by Mr. Manlove; never—Adieu.

[*Goes out.*

Læt. Your servant—He's piqued, and it becomes him.

Ch. Man. [*Returns.*] If ever you see him here again, say I have deceiv'd you—let me bear the blame: your most obedient.

Læt. Good day—I shall depend upon you.

Ch. Man. Set you mind at rest; I'll die before I break my word: your servant. [*Exit.*

Læt. [*Alone.*] How wou'd this man plead in his own cause! Ah, why wou'd fortune not concert with nature, and either give the wealth of Manlove to his merits; or purchase out his merits to bestow on Manlove's wealth?

Enter LUCY *hastily.*

Lucy. Where can this provoking cloak be laid?

Every thing is in train, and there is not a moment to be lost—Ah! [*Screams.*

Læt. Lucy! whither away so fast?

Lucy. I declare I did not see you, madam; I thought you was in your own room.

Læt. But where are you running to, child?

Lucy. Only stepping out a little way.

Læt. Stepping out! whither?

Lucy. To my brother Dibble's.

Læt. For what?

Lucy. Upon a little family business, that's all. I cou'd have sworn you had been with your gentleman in the painting-room.

Læt. My gentleman! who is it you call my gentleman?

Lucy. Humph—I'll show her that I am in her secrets; it will keep her out of mine. [*Aside.* I thought you was with Mr. Manlove; I left you together.

Læt. Mr. Manlove! what is this you tell me?

Lucy. Nay, madam, don't be alarm'd, I am no tell-tale; and though I knew Mr. Manlove in his painter's character, nobody shall be the wiser for me, I assure you.

Læt. As sure as can be it is so! what a discovery! [*Aside.*] Well, Lucy, I find you are in the secret; you know the real Mr. Manlove; but pray tell me who is the pretended one? I have been received at Mr. Manlove's house, and visited here, by a young man who calls himself Manlove: Who is he?

Lucy. Oh, dear ma'am, don't you know him?—— I wish I don't get into a scrape; but there is no going

back—[*Aside.*]——It is young Mr. Nightshade out of the country, ma'am; he is come up incog, and is afraid his father shall discover him, that's all.

Læt. Is that all? I sha'n't take your word for that. I suspect there is more in the plot than you have related. If this young man is afraid of being seen by his father, what brings him hither? Answer me that.

Lucy. Madam, I—I—I cann't tell what brings him hither.

Læt. Lucy, don't equivocate; for I will know. I saw him leave the house just now with your brother; you are following in great haste, upon family business you pretend; but I suspect upon no fair errand. Confess to me, for you shall not stir to your brother's 'till you do.

Lucy. As you will for that, madam, but I cannot endure to be suspected, and I will confess to you when I have done crying [*Weeps.*]

Læt. Do so, you had best.

Lucy. Why then you must know, that Mr. Manlove—that is—I mean Mr. Nightshade, that calls himself Mr. Manlove, is fallen monstrously in love with—

Læt. With whom?

Lucy. Me, madam.—Vain creature! I know she thought it was herself. [*Aside.*

Læt. And you believed him, did you?

Lucy. Yes, madam, I believed him.

Læt. Well, and what did he do then?

Lucy. Nay, nothing, madam, that's all.

Læt. Come, come, Lucy, but I know it is not all:

You have given him your company, as you call it, have you not? and you are now going to meet him at your brother's, are you not?

Lucy. No—yes—but if I am, it's all in fair and honest way of courtship: Oh, if he was to go for to offer any thing unhandsome to me, I should tear his eyes out. Nobody can say I have the least speck or flaw, no not so big as the point of a pin, on my reputation. It would be the death of me—I would sooner part from my life than my virtue; he has promised—

Læt. What has he promised?

Lucy. To marry me.

Læt. Marry you! ridiculous.

Lucy. Ay, I knew the jealous thing could not bear that; she will burst with envy. [*Aside.*

Læt. Hark'e, Lucy; I commend you for the honesty of your confession, run into my chamber; Mr. Stapleton is coming this way, and will interrupt us: Compose yourself, and we will talk over the affair at leisure. [*Exit* Lucy.] Happy, happy revolution! What a ridiculous *malentendu* had I fallen into! O how deliciously I will torture this fine gentleman-painter for his contrivances. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE *and* DIBBLE.

Dibble.

COME along, 'squire, the lady is expecting you at my apartment. Every thing is in train, and 'twill be

your own fault now if you are not the happiest man in England.

J. Night. Hold a moment, Dibble, hold! My brother's coming, and I can't resist the pleasure of a little natural exultation.

Dib. Perverse, vexatious! Are you mad? By heavens you'll lose the lady—and what is worse, by heavens she'll lose the gentleman! [*Aside.*

Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.

Ch. Man. So, Jack, I hope your frolic is at an end: you've been disorderly in your cups I find.

J. Night. Where did you hear that?

Ch. Man. Where I least wish'd to hear it; at Mr. Stapleton's; Miss Fairfax told me.

J. Night. Miss Fairfax told you, did she so? Miss Fairfax was not very angry when she told you, I should guess: You did not find me greatly out of favour, did you?

Ch. Man. In truth I had so little occasion to boast of my own reception, Jack, that I did not give much attention to what she said of you.

J. Night. That is honestly confessed however: So your reception was but cold, and you have dropp'd all thoughts of a connexion, I suppose?

Ch. Man. Entirely: I've received my peremptory dismission.

J. Night. Poor Charles! you are dismissed? Your person, genius, equipage, estate, all stand you in no stead? Another is preferred before you—perhaps

some country booby like myself; and don't you wish you knew the happy man?

Ch. Man. Not I.

Dib. What are you at? you'll ruin all.

J. Night. I shall burst if I don't tell him—Brother, I believe I could direct you to the man that has done all the mischief,

Ch. Man. I give you credit, Jack, for that: I do believe you 've done me all the mischief in your power.

J. Night. Who, I? Oh dear, you flatter me; a country whelp supplant a travel'd gentleman like you? impossible—and yet——

Ch. Man. What yet?

J. Night. This witness on my finger here would stagger some folks; I am apt to think Miss Fairfax means to wear it in good time.

Ch. Man. A wedding ring! you must excuse me, Jack; I want credulity for that.

J. Night. Just as you please; I bought it for her wearing, and measured her finger for that purpose, and did intend, with the parson's help, to put it on with that design.

Dib. Will nothing stop your mouth? By heavens I'll throw the matter up. [*Aside to* J. Night.

Ch. Man. You! you marry Miss Lætitia Fairfax!

Dib. Dear 'squire be persuaded, and come away. [*Aside to* J. Night.

J. Night. Hold your tongue, I tell you—I, I, and not the ingenious, learned, travel'd Mr. Manlove;

here's a witness that will vouch for what I say. [Dib. *offers to go.*] Where are you running?—come back. Tell my brother what you know of Miss Fairfax's partiality for a certain, insignificant, ignorant fellow, called Jack Nightshade.

Dib. For shame, sir, you should not talk of lady's favours.

Ch. Man. Your friend is cautious you perceive.

J. Night. Hang him, he's so by habit; he's a lawyer—but speak out: You are come to fetch me to Miss Fairfax, and Miss Fairfax is at your lodgings, and I am to be the lady's husband, and the bill is a true bill, is it not?

Dib. It is.

Ch. Man. Errors excepted—You forgot your caution. This can never be. Hark'e, sir; a little cross-examination if you please.

J. Night. As much of that as you think proper. He's used to that sport; he'll dodge like a rabbit in a warren.

Ch. Man. You say the lady is at your lodgings: Answer me, what lady?

Dib. Sir, I believe—what lady?—that's your question—what lady is at my lodgings?

Ch. Man Ay, sir, without equivocation.

Dib. Well, sir, I am not upon oath in this business; nor am I obliged to ascertain the identity of people's persons; but the lady at my lodgings I take to be Miss Fairfax.

J. Night. Does that satisfy you? Brother, I

thank you for your coat; it has made an impression you perceive.

Ch. Man. Have a little patience.—You take her to be Miss Fairfax? describe her person.

Dib. I never meddled with her person, sir; that's not for me to do.

Ch. Man. Is she fair complexioned?

Dib. I think so.

J. Night. I can't say I do.

Ch. Man. Light hair, or dark?

Dib. My eyes are none of the best, but I think Miss Fairfax's hair is white.

J. Night. Black as a crow, by Jupiter.

Ch. Man. Tall, or short?

Dib. I never measured her, but I take her to be tall.

J. Night. Death and the devil, why you're drunk! Fair, tall, light-hair'd! why she is a little, dapper, dusky damsel, with a poll as black as——

Ch. Man. Hark'e, sir, a word in your ear. [*To* Dib.

Dib. Blown, as I hope to be a judge! [*Aside.*

Ch. Man. You have a sister answers this description: You're discovered and a villain. [*Aside to* Dib.

J. Night. Hold, hold, no closseting of witnesses.

Dib. Good sir be not offended. Mr. Nightshade first borrowed your name, and my sister to keep up the jest, made free with that of Miss Fairfax—nothing but a frolic.

Ch. Man. What do you tell me? did my brother take my name in any interview with Miss Fairfax.

Dib. Certainly, sir; she calls him Mr. Manlove at this moment.

Ch. Man. Away; your news has saved your ears; away,

Dib. 'Egad we are all blown up: I must go and tell Lucy to make her peace. [*Exit.*

J. Night. How now; what's this? Hallo! where's Dibble running?

Ch. Man. Your humble servant, Mr. Manlove—— Take my name, my credit from me, Jack? It is too much. You must be saved however.

J. Night. I must be satisfied. Is this fair dealing? where is Dibble gone?

Ch. Man. Let him go where he will, he has made a fool of you.

J. Night. Yes, but I'm not a fool to take your word for that; so let me pass.

Ch. Man. Nay, Jack, but hear reason——

J. Man. Yes, and while you are reasoning, I shall lose the lady.

Ch. Man. I say the lady; have a care she does not prove the lady's maid.

J. Night. The maid! ah, brother, I'm too cunning to take that upon trust. You have raised my curiosity however, and I will know the truth—So let me go, for go I will, and that's enough. [*Exit.*

Ch. Man. A match, we'll start together. My happiness is sure as much concern'd in this discovery as your's.

SCENE II.

STAPLETON's *House. Enter Mr.* ANDREW NIGHTSHADE *and Mr.* MANLOVE.

A. Knight. I should think, brother, there's no danger but a jury will see the action in this light.

Man. 'Tis hard to say! juries are ticklish things; the law will look to the motives. If it shall appear that it was done not from the wickedness of the heart, but from the sudden heat of the passions, a jury will bring it in manslaughter.

A. Night. Well, and don't all the world know there's not a more passionate man living than myself?

Man. You have sometimes told me I was passionate; I never heard you say as much for yourself.

A. Night. But if there was no malice in the deed, how can it ever be deem'd murder?

Man. Malice is threefold: first, malice express; secondly, malice implied; thirdly, malice prepense: of each in their order———

A. Night. Psha! pr'ythee, what avails describing any, when I've none of all the three?

Man. Had you no quarrel then before the act?

A. Night. Quarrel! why no—or if I had, 'twas only a few words.

Man. Is that the cane you struck him with?

A. Night. This is the twig; I call it nothing more.

Man. I doubt the law will construe it a weapon of offence.

A. Night. And pray now was his not a weapon of offence? I believe the whole town thinks it such, of great offence: sick or well, there is no repose for those horns. What I did was in self-defence.

Man. I fear 'twill not be thought so. If indeed you had any wound to show, whereby the violence of the battery might be proved——

A. Night. Wound! why I have a wound and as bad an one as his; only mine lies within side of my head, and his without: he has broke the drum of my ears.

Man. What do you talk of ears? if you had been happy enough now to have lost a finger, an eye, or a fore-tooth, it would have been the loss of a defensive member, and a mayhem at common law.

A. Night. Well, brother, be so kind to tell me what I am to do.

Man. Repent.

A. Night. Why, so I will, provided you say nothing about the matter, and my country acquits me upon the trial; but if I am to be punished for my faults, what signifies repenting of 'em into the bargain?

Man. Well, Andrew, I must tell you there is yet a way of getting honourably out of this affair, provided you will bind yourself to me, never to lift your hand in wrath against a fellow-creature.

A. Night. Why, no, to be sure I sha'n't; I thought all sculls were as hard as Gregory's.

Man. Come, you must have done with Gregory's; nay, I would not alone exempt man from your fury, but beast likewise: Cruelty must not be practised in

any shape: Nature must not be wounded in any of her works. Promise me this upon the faith of an honest man, and I'll redeem you from this scrape.

A. Night. Look'e, brother, I am sensible of the folly of it; but as it's impossible to say where temptation may lead, there lies the fatal weapon; use it who will: I'll never take another stick in hand, till I'm obliged to go upon crutches. [*Throws down his cane.*]

Man. Say you so, then I'll cure your broken head in an instant. Come with me, and you shall see what dispatch I can make upon occasion.

SCENE III.

The Painting Room. LÆTITIA *is discovered painting;* LUCY *attending;* *a* Layman *placed at some distance.*

Læt. These touches come off well; this last sitting was a good one: methinks I never was in better luck. Lucy, what say you? is it like?

Lucy. Like, madam! 'tis alive; 'tis Mr. Stapleton himself.

Læt. Is the servant gone for his clothes to dress the layman? I'll positively rub in the drapery now I'm about it. Well, child, I've turn'd this matter in my head, and I believe I must forgive you; there's no holding out against contrition: I believe your brother was to blame—So this painter then is Mr. Manlove?

Lucy. Yes, madam, and a lovely man he is; if you please to remember, I told you so the first moment I

saw him; so genteel, so well-bred, so perfectly the gentleman. Oh, here comes Thomas with the clothes —shall I help to put 'em on?

Enter a Servant.

Let. So, so! that's right—let the arm fall naturally —it's very well as it is——Now turn the layman with its side to me—no, t'other way—a little more. Stay, let me do it myself. Now stand away——that 's it.

Serv. Have you any further commands, madam?

Let. No—yes. If the young gentleman who was with me this morning should call again, shew him up hither.

Serv. The painter?

Let. Yes, the painter, as you call him.

Serv. Madam, he is this moment come into the court-yard.

Let. Indeed! then do as I bid you. [*Exit* Ser.] So, so, he has found out the mistake as well as myself.

Lucy. Pray, madam, give me leave to go and shew Mr. Manlove hither.

Let. Do so, Lucy, do so—What a flutter am I in! —but, hark'ee, don't give him any intimation that I know him. [*Exit* Lucy.] This is happy! I am such a gainer by this revolution, that I cannot find in my heart to be angry with the girl—That ever I should be the bubble of so gross an imposition! Hark; he's coming. I'll pretend to be at work! though I am so confused I don't know one colour from another. O heavens, how charmingly he looks!

Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.

Ch. Man. I ask a thousand pardons: I intreat I mayn't disturb you.

Læt. Oh, sir, don't mention it. You see I use no ceremony.

Ch. Man. You're infinitely obliging. I have ventur'd once again, Miss Fairfax, to intrude upon your patience.

Læt. As often as you please? you're always welcome here. Come hither—I must have your judgment. How do you like what I have done?

Ch. Man. All that you do is well; but you'll forgive me, I am full of other thoughts, and wish to lose no moment of this happy opportunity.

Læt. Pish! I must have you flatter me: Sit down—This drapery puzzles me—Sit down, I say: Your modern habits are so stiff. How shall I manage it? Come, take the chalk—nay, no excuse. Though you are so smartly drest, you absolutely must assist me.

Ch. Man. I beg to be excus'd: my happiness is staked upon this crisis: my heart is full and must have vent.

Læt. How can you be so tiresome? Now you are going upon the old topic, Mr. Manlove.

Ch. Man. I must confess it is of him that I would speak.

Læt. Fye, fye upon you! call to mind your promise. Hold—suppose I throw aside this ugly brown and gold, and put him in a fancy dress: What say you?

Ch. Man. Nothing: for I am nothing: I have no art, no faculty of painting; I am an impostor. On my knees I do beseech you, forgive and hear me.

Læt. Pray be composed, nor let your zeal for Mr. Manlove agitate you thus. I'll save you all this trouble, by confessing freely to you, I have chang'd my mind since last we parted.

Ch. Man. Chang'd! as how?

Læt. As you'll be pleas'd to hear. I think of Mr. Manlove now as favourably as you yourself could wish.

Ch. Man. Madam——

Læt. I think the woman must be blest, whom such a man shall honour with his choice.

Ch. Man. Indeed! I may presume then you would condescend to countenance his addresses?

Læt. That's a home question; but I think it is not easy to deny him any thing.

Ch. Man. I'm thunderstruck! The boy has told me the truth; she likes him, and I am undone.

Læt. What is the matter now? You seem quite disconcerted. Is not this the very point you aim'd at? Hav'n't I confest all that you wish'd?

Ch. Man. Oh, no! You torture me.

Læt. Man, restless man! whom nothing I can do will satisfy: offended when I refuse your friend; when I accept him, tortur'd.

Ch. Man. And tortur'd I must be: for know, most wretched as I am, it is not for a friend I plead, but for myself.

Læt. Well, sir, I'm free to say, I still abide by my confession. What you tell me shakes not my esteem for Mr. Manlove.

Ch. Man. Then I have lost you; for that Manlove is my younger brother, and has won you under a fictitious name: I that really own it, am discarded.

Læt. How purblind you long-sighted wits sometimes can be! You tell me you are Mr. Manlove; have I revok'd my opinion? You say your brother took your name; have I express'd myself in favour of Mr. Nightshade?

Ch. Man. O, heavens! I do begin to hope——

Læt. You should not puzzle me with such cross purposes. Will you be Mr. Manlove, and believe what I now say of him, or give that name to your brother, and hear me repeat what I lately said of him?

Ch. Man. Oh, let me be what you approve; I ask no higher blessing.

Læt. We are interrupted. See, your formidable rival! Oh, you have made a fine confusion——Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JACK NIGHTSHADE.

J. Night. Hist! hark'e! brother Charles!—He won't turn back, and I dare not follow him, for fear I run into old Crusty's jaws. I am fain to go as warily in this house as if I was riding over a warren. Didlikins! here comes the girl at last—Oh, fye upon you, miss, oh fye——

Enter LUCY *hastily.*

Lucy. Hush! hush! A truce to your reproaches—Hide yourself; your father's at my heels.

J. Night. My father! Drown it! what shall I do now?

Lucy. Here, get behind this laymen; stoop: stand close: I'll put the shutters to; I owe you that good turn, at least, to bring you off. Stand close!

Enter ANDREW NIGHTSHADE.

A. Night. So, so! What's doing here? Darkness at mid-day! Your servant, Mr. Stapleton; I see you notwithstanding; there you are: fine goings-on at your age. Smuggling your chambermaids in corners——Call you this fair trading? Oh, if your wife saw this!

J. Night. [*From behind.*] For pity's sake keep him off. He's coming!

Lucy. Where are you coming, sir? Pray leave the room; your company disturbs him; don't you see how ill he is?

A. Night. Poor gentleman! and so you shut out the light to make him better? Ay, let him lean upon you, comfort him; I dare be sworn he has need of it——Shame upon you, Master Stapleton! What, you'll not speak, not you. Here comes one will make you speak, and stir too, to some tune. Here, madam, here's your virtuous husband; here's a picture of modern conjugal fidelity.

Enter Mrs. STAPLETON.

Mrs. Stap. A picture truly, for I think you're talking to nothing else. Why don't the girl open the shutters? What do you stand there for? O, ho! [*Sees* Jack.

Enter Mr. STAPLETON *and* MANLOVE.

Mr. Stap. What, my old friend, conferring with the layman! Break his head, Andrew, if you please; no manslaughter can lie there. [*The window is opened.*

A. Night. How's this! why I protest I took it for yourself; and I was scandaliz'd to see a sober citizen in such close conference with a damsel of so great temptations.

Man. Come, brother, you have had one warning against anger; let this be a memento to guard against suspicion.

A. Night. Brother, you know I cann't endure advice; I see my error; that's enough.

Mrs. Stap. Yes, but you don't see all; there's more behind the scenes; your greatest error, Mr. Nightshade, is not yet found out.

A. Night. Why, what the vengeance have we here? Come out—let's see your face. Son Jack! Furies and flames! My boy as I'm alive.

Man. This is judgment upon judgment.

A. Night. Which of you all have conjur'd up this plot? Oh, thou unutterably vile and sorry puppy! Hound, that I have bred to tear my heart out—Jack,

Jack, Jack! for you to use me thus; you whom I've made my boast, the staff of my old age——I would I had a staff, I'd beat your brains out with it, blockhead, so I would.

Man. Hold, hold, no more of that; remember promises.

A. Night. And in that jacket too! the substance of a farm laid out upon your back: sirrah, whence came that conjuror's coat, that scoundrel's livery? Answer me.

J. Night. Father, 'tis none of mine; 'tis brother Charles's.

A. Night. There, Mr. Manlove! there's your pretty gentleman! a fine account! the corrupter of his brother.

Stap. Be more patient, friend Andrew.

A. Night. I won't be patient; I've a father's privilege to justify my passion. Hark'e, sir, what brought you up to town? Who seduced you hither? I suppose the fashionable scoundrel who lent you that fool's coat.

J. Night. Lord love you, father, 'twas a frolic of my own. Charles would have had me travell'd home again.

Man. What that like a seducer?

J. Night. And so I should afore now, but that I fell into a kind of a love-suit here, with the young lady of this house.

Mrs. Stap. What do you say? a love-suit!

Stap. With my ward, Miss Fairfax! impossible.

Lucy. Ay, now comes my examination: I had best escape. [*Aside.*

J. Night. Hold, hold; my whole defence turns upon your testimony—Stay where you are. [*To* Lucy.

A. Night. Ay, let us hear; there's something in this plea: Let us hear more of the love-suit.

J. Night. Nay, 'twas not much of a suit neither; it was very soon over; miss was coming, Dibble got a licence, and I bought a ring.

Stap. Why you're beside yourself, young man!

A. Night. Go on! the boy speaks well, and shan't be brow-beat: hear him out.

J. Night. And so, as I was telling you, I should have married her out-right, if brother Charles had not thrown a spoke in my wheel.

A. Night. See there, see there! What say you for your favourite now? Prove what you say, my lad, and I will do you justice to the extent of my estate.

J. Night. Say you so, father? then it shall out: why brother Charles, you must know, had a month's mind for the lady himself; so he pretended to persuade me that I was made a fool of, and that the girl I was going to marry was not Miss Fairfax.

A. Night. There, there!—you hear it now from the tongue of truth and innocence: you're satisfied, I hope. I beg the lady may be sent for in.

J. Night. Sent for! a pretty joke; why there she stands.

Mr. and Mrs. Stap. Ha, ha, ha!

A. Night. I'm thunderstruck.

J. Night. And so am I; for if it had not been for brother Charles, as sure as you are here alive, we had both been happy before now.

A. Night. This, this the lady?

J. Night. Ay, father, that's she: I hope you like her?

Stap. Lucy! Lucy Dibble!

Man. The sister of my clerk!

A. Night. Death and the devil! a chambermaid!

Mrs. Stap. Oh, you insidious hussy! what can you say for yourself?

Lucy. I am not here upon my trial, madam; that is past, and Miss Fairfax has sign'd my pardon. As for this gentleman, if I did put a little trick upon him under my mistress's name, he paid me in my own coin, by passing himself off under his brother's. The parties represented are not present; but let me stand at Miss Fairfax's side, and place him by Mr. Manlove, and I leave the world to decide which is the greatest impostor of the two.

J. Night. Oh, you abominable little vixen!

Man. Keep your peace, Jack, would you prove your valour on a woman?

A. Night. Then by Jupiter, I'll break every bone in lawyer Dibble's skin, before this day's at an end.

Stap. Understand yourself, child; the daughter of a footman is no mate for the son of a gentleman.

A. Night. To be sure: well said, Master Stapleton!

Lucy. True, sir, but the footman bred his daughter as a gentleman should, and the gentleman gave his son the education of a footman. [*Exit.*

Man. Brother Andrew——

A. Night. Pooh!

J. Night. Father, that last wipe was at you.

A. Night. Hold your tongue, blockhead; get you home into the country, till the soil, and be a beast of burden; 'tis what nature meant you for.

Man. Nay, brother, blame not nature, she has done her part: 'tis you that should have till'd the soil. O Charles, you come upon a wish; your father is impatient to embrace you.

Enter CHARLES MANLOVE.

Ch. Man. Let but my father add his approbation, and my happiness shall be complete.

Man. He can't withhold it. Come, throw prejudice aside; let wrath and jealousy be cast far from you: look upon this youth; he is your son; you are the principle, but do you substitute the justice to confess my system has succeeded; it is possible you see to gain a knowledge of this world, and not be tainted with its wickedness.

A. Night. 'Tis mighty well; but for this cub of mine I'll disinherit him to the devil; I could find in my heart, to die to-morrow, for the pleasure of cutting him off with a shilling.

J. Night. Lord, father, in that case a little matter would content me.

Man. Come, come, the law has made provision against that: Jack must inherit your estate die when you will.

A. Night. Then I'll not die at all; I'll live for ever on purpose to plague him; I'll starve the whelp; he shall have nothing to live upon, but rain-water and pig-nuts.

Man. Then, Andrew, I will keep him; he shall live with me.

A. Night. Say you so, brother? then I'll forgive him and keep him to myself; and since you talk of knowledge of the world, I'll show him what it is: come hither, Jack; I'll go with him as far as there is water to carry us; I'll travel him to the world's end: zounds, I'll take him out of it, rather than be out-gone.

J. Night. Take the last stage by yourself, dear father. Farewell, uncle, good-bye, Charles!

[*Exeunt* A. *and* J. Night.

Man. Incorrigible humourist! Come my son, and come my worthy friends: where is your amiable ward? I still have hopes this day of rancour and confusion will conclude with joy.

Stap. And so it shall, if my persuasion can have weight.

Mrs. Stap. Persuasion never fails, when inclination aids it. Look, she comes.

Ch. Man. And comes like hope, like spring and sunshine to the longing year, with smiles of soft complacency and love.

Enter LÆTITIA.

Læt. Ay, now your rival's gone, you think the field

your own; but every hour will raise fresh rivals, for every hour will draw forth fresh perfections from a character like your's, and each demand the preference in our admiration and applause.

Stap. Well said, my girl, then there's a bargain made: What need of further words?

Mrs. Stap. Fye upon you, Mr. Stapleton, you distress her; you are too much in haste about these matters.

Mr. Stap. Why, Dolly, you and I concluded our matter within the week.

Mrs. Stap. Longer, 'twas longer: don't believe him, Lætitia.

Læt. Excuse me, I can readily believe that hearts so fitted for each other might unite at once by mutual attraction.

Man. Dost thou believe it, fair one? then away with all delay! not even the law, its own parent, shall be privileg'd in this case; we'll work like shipwrights at an armament, and Dibble, as a punishment for his intrigues, shall labour double tides. If marriage ever shall regain its dignity in this degenerate age, it must be by the union of such hearts as these.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. ABINGTON.

AS I'm an artist, can my skill do better,
Than paint your pictures? for I'm much your debtor:
I'll draw the out lines—finish at my leisure,
A groupe like you would be a charming treasure!
Here is my pencil, here my sketching book,
Where for this work, I memorandums took;
I will in full, three quarters, and profile,
Take your sweet faces, nay, your thoughts I'll steal;
From my good friends above, their wives and doxies,
Down to Madame *and* Monsieur *in the boxes:*
Now for it, sirs!—I beg from top to bottom,
You'll keep your features fix'd 'till I have got 'em.
First for Fine Gentlemen *my fancy stretches—*
They'll be more like, the slighter are the sketches:
Such unembodied forms invention racks;
Pale cheeks, dead eyes, thin bodies, and long backs;
They would be best in shades, or virgin wax.
To make Fine Ladies *like, the toil is vain,*
Unless I paint 'em o'er and o'er again:
In frost, tho' not a flower, its charms discloses,
They can, like hot-houses, produce their roses.
At you, Coquettes, *my pencil now takes aim!*
In love's Change-Alley playing all the game;
I'll paint you ducklings *waddling out quite lame.*
The Prude's *most virtuous spite, I'll next pourtray;*
Railing at gaming—loving private play.